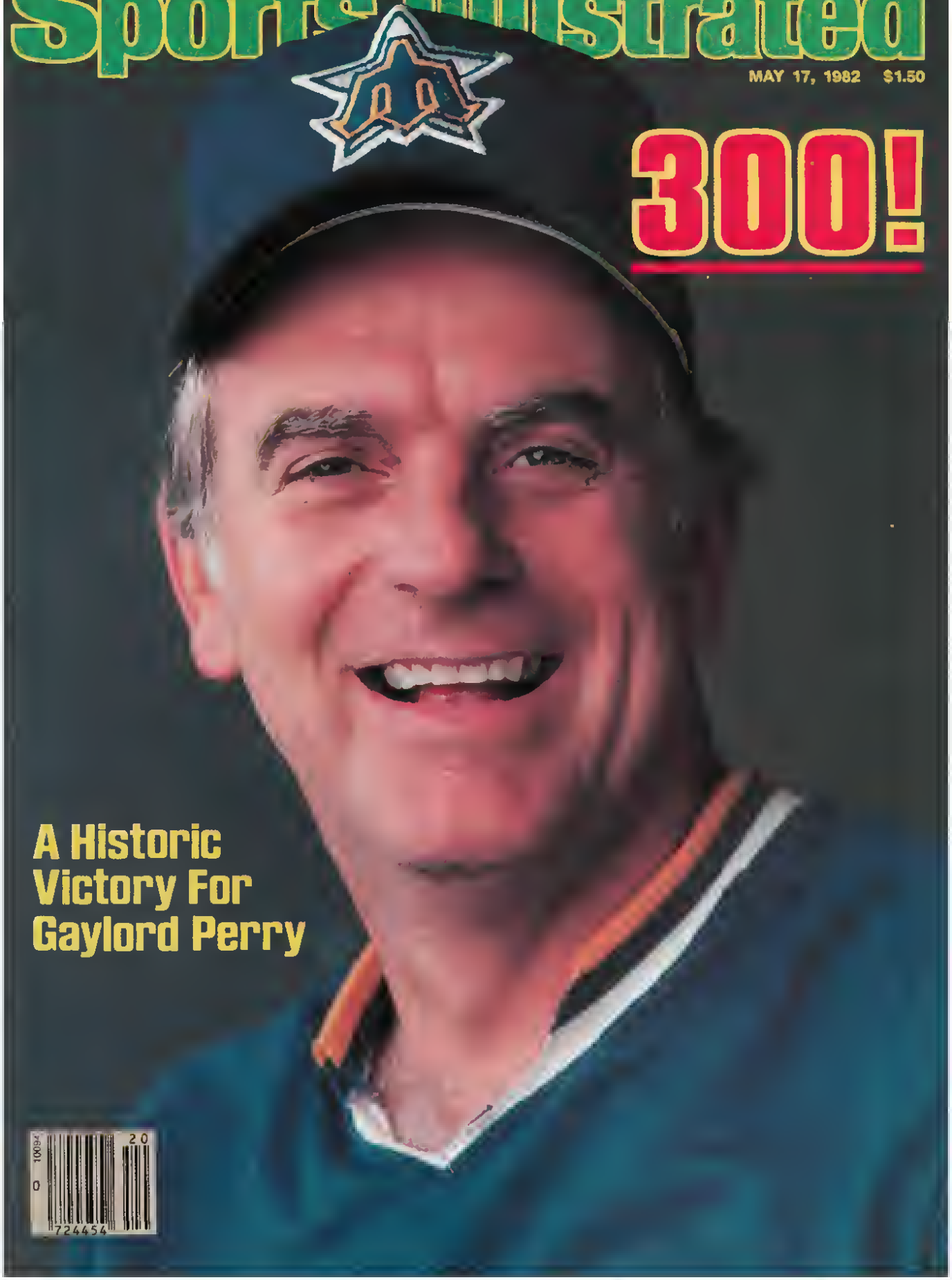
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Sports Illustrated

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Because the federal government pays only part of the hospital expenses incurred by Medicare and Medicaid patients, hospitals are forced to pass these additional costs on to private patients. This practice, called cost shifting, is a slow-growing malignancy which inflates health care costs and could cripple many hospitals.

Hospitals that have fewer private patients are forced to absorb those costs themselves. This can lead to bankruptcy

FOR A HOSPITAL, COST SHIFTING CAN BE TERMINAL.

and forced closings, which in turn denies proper health care to people in these areas. Already, in a number of states, hospitals with a high percentage of Medicare and Medicaid patients are in severe financial distress.

Of course, government, business, labor, hospitals, consumers, and insurance companies are trying to cut health care costs. But cost shifting doesn't solve anything. It merely shifts the responsibility to someone else. In 1981 alone, such underpayments by Medicare and Medicaid shifted an estimated $4.8 billion to private patients. This burden could continue to grow if the government cuts back further on these programs.

For their part, insurance companies are doing more than ever before to keep costs down, by paying for outpatient surgery... for second opinions that can reduce unnecessary surgery...for hospital pre-admission testing...and for home care. They also review fees and charges to make sure they are fair.

Unfortunately, cost shifting undermines these efforts. The best solution to this problem, we believe, is to have all patients charged on a fair and equal basis. This isn't theory; it's a reality in two states. In Maryland and New Jersey strong incentives are provided for hospitals to cut costs wherever possible. As a result, Medicare and Medicaid have agreed to pay on the same basis for the same hospital services as everyone else.

If every state had this arrangement, no one would pay the price of cost shifting because it would no longer exist.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Don't be surprised if you detect a lyrical quality in John Garrity's story on Kansas City groundskeeper George Toma (*page 42*). Garrity has been known to compose articles on the backs of musical score sheets from Wyandotte Music, a small company he owns in Kansas City.

"Do you know what stationery is going for these days?" says Garrity, 35, who supports himself primarily by writing free-lance articles. "I hoard the stuff. Actually, the real paper hoarder in the family is my sister Joan, who wrote *The Sensuous Woman*. She'll use anything—invoices, old letterheads, you name it. She collects paper the way some people collect string."

What brother John has collected is something of a cult following in music circles. He has written jazz, folk and rock songs, produced the *Kansas City Jazz Spectrum* album and played bass guitar and sung background on a recorded tribute to Elvis called *Tupelo, Mississippi Son*. One thing he has never cultivated, however, is grass. Until he interviewed Toma he knew absolutely nothing about groundskeeping.

By splitting his boyhood between his mother's home in Palm Beach, Fla. and his father's in Kansas City, Garrity became a good high school basketball player in Florida and played golf in the Midwest, at least until he shot up to 6′ 6″ and outgrew his golf clubs. "My father, Jack, is a monomaniacal Irishman," he says, "and his mania is golf." John's brother, Tom, a former touring pro, was the up-and-coming Kansas City golfer before Tom Watson.

"My parents were divorced when I was five," says Garrity, "but things couldn't have worked out better for me. My father got me interested in sports, literature and construction [father and son now live in and are restoring a turn-of-the-century house in Kansas City], and my mother turned me on to conversation, fine arts and music. I've always wanted to do different things, and I guess I've done so many I'm barely competent at any of them."

That's an unduly modest assessment of his writing. Garrity went to the University of Missouri and transferred after a year and a half to Stanford; he was seriously active in antiwar activities and has been published steadily since his graduation in 1969. Though he had been a history major, during the '70s he satisfied his eclectic whims by writing for both *Sport* and *Rolling Stone*. His first SI piece, a feature on the Paul Quinn basketball team (Dec. 22-29, 1980) was good enough to merit another basketball assignment, on Oklahoma State (Feb. 16, 1981). Last summer Garrity's byline appeared over an article on baseball's Brett family that developed into his much acclaimed book, *The George Brett Story* (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). He's currently researching a book on Herbert Hoover's experiences in China during the Boxer Rebellion.



GARRITY: WRITER OF NOTE AND OF NOTES

None of which, as we said, recommends Garrity as a gardener, his voluminous research on grass notwithstanding. "After Toma told me all the secrets of pregerminating grass seed, I put a sample in my refrigerator before leaving town," Garrity says. "When I came back two weeks later, my seeds hadn't sprouted a bit. There must be something to this green thumb business."

Philip B. Hewlett



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VIEWPOINT

by DAN WOOG

A SOBERING THOUGHT FOR ATHLETES: BY THEIR TEACHERS THEY'LL BE TAUGHT

I've coached soccer since 1975. I've worked with youngsters from eight to 18. I've produced, at the club level, five outdoor and two indoor state championship teams, two New England champs and one Eastern U.S. runner-up. I've organized and chaperoned soccer trips in the U.S., Canada and Europe.

No athlete playing under my supervision has ever been seriously injured. When one of my players hit his head and began convulsing during a game, I pried open his jaw, made sure he didn't swallow his tongue and helped him resume normal breathing. But I'm not qualified to coach soccer at a junior high in many states in the U.S., because I'm not a certified teacher.

Now consider a 64-year-old woman who has taught typing in the same classroom for 42 years. She will retire next year. Her only association with athletics comes when the remote control on her television set gets jammed on ABC's *Wide World of Sports*. She could coach a high school football team, though. She's a certified teacher.

Every American has some law, regulation or agency that causes him to gnash his teeth in frustration. For many, it's the IRS; for some Californians, it's Proposition 13. For me, it's Connecticut Teacher Certification Regulation 10-145a-22, which states that all coaches of interscholastic and intramural teams must hold some type of valid certificate. This regulation seems almost an afterthought. It's tacked on in parentheses as the final sentence following a long list of qualifications in such subjects as math, science, history and English.

There are similar regulations in many other states, including such populous ones as Illinois, New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania. A number of states, among them California, Colorado and Florida, carried certification requirements on the books for decades, but in recent years have experimented with relaxing them somewhat. As one Florida official stated, "In some small schools we now have more teams than we have teachers."

According to Frank Morgan, director of the Norwalk (Conn.) Community College's coaching certification program, which is not recognized by the state, perhaps one-quarter of the coaches in Connecticut are not certified teachers—their school systems simply ignore the regulation. But my system, in Westport, Conn., has decided to uphold this rule, which seemingly flies in the face of practicality. While the birthrate plunges and large numbers of qualified teachers in many parts of the country are being let go,



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qualified coaches are becoming harder and harder to find.

There are several reasons for this. Inflation has caused many teachers to seek second jobs. Men and women who might normally coach are finding that the few hundred dollars they could earn coaching—which, over the course of a season, works out to only pennies an hour—pales in comparison to the money they are able to earn by painting houses, tending bar or working as sales clerks in clothing stores.

Not only is the pool of available coaches (*i.e.*, certified teachers) diminishing, it's also getting older. Education is a great bastion of the "last hired, first fired" principle. New teachers—young, enthusiastic, unmarried—have often been the best coaches. Then when they marry, take on added personal responsibilities and move up the academic ladder, they hand the coaching reins over to fresh blood.

But there's no fresh blood in many school systems these days. The hotshots who were in their 20s a decade ago are still teaching, though now, in their 30s and still the youngest teachers, they are weighed down with matters more important to them than coaching. Coaches are not replenishing themselves.

And the boom in girls' sports, as well as the addition of new boys' teams, has created a greater demand for coaches. Some men who have coached boys in the past are now applying for positions with girls' teams because girls are supposedly easier to coach, the hours are not as long and the pay is the same. Some sports—soccer, lacrosse, hockey and gymnastics, for example—are not sports that everyone grew up with. They demand a special expertise, which cannot always be found simply by commandeering any old classroom teacher and making him or her a coach.

But my biggest frustration with regulation 10-145a-22 stems from the alleged reason for its existence: safety. A certified teacher is not necessarily an expert in first aid or sports medicine. A broken leg needs a lot quicker attention than a dangling participle.

When I was first informed I could not continue coaching at the junior high level, where I had coached without incident for several years, I called a friend—an English teacher who could no more coach a soccer team than I could fly to Jupiter.

"How would you like to coach the soccer team?" I asked.

"Are you kidding?" she said. "I'm not qualified to coach at all."

"Oh yes you are. You're more qualified than I am," I replied.

"I'd put a kid out there and he'd break his leg," she countered.

I doubt it. But if she did, the state of Connecticut might not care. The letter of the law would have been served. END



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First Person

by IVAN MAISEL

McENROE IS WICKED AT TENNIS, BUT A NON-JOCK TABLED HIM AT PING-PONG

I'm not much of an athlete. Never have been. My friends at Stanford, from which I graduated last year, had a saying concerning my athletic ability (with apologies to George Bernard Shaw). "Those who can't play, write, and those who can't write, write sports." Thus it seemed inevitable that I would eventually become a sportswriter.

However, I can make one claim to sporting fame that lately has become more and more elusive for guys named Borg and Connors. As recently as four years ago, the same year he won the NCAA singles championship, I beat John McEnroe in tennis.

O.K., so the game was table tennis. A win is a win is a win.

You might wonder why I've waited so long to go public with this newsbreaker. There are some people so eager to cadge headlines for themselves that they can't keep a secret, especially when it comes to rubbing elbows with the famous. Until recently I felt satisfied keeping this triumph to myself. Basking in my private glory was reward enough. I've decided to tell the world now only because I thought it might give Borg and Connors a little encouragement.

As a Ping-Pong player, McEnroe was no McEnroe. Oh, he was good, employing the same types of strokes he uses in his main sport: slices, spins and an occasional slam at which I could only wave. But there were better players among the 700 students in our dormitory complex.

I knew McEnroe could be beaten, because I had watched a beanpole named Joel take him apart. Joel was from Otero dorm next door, and the two of them set up a much-ballyhooed challenge match. Joel hit everything hard and won easily. The only thing McEnroe did faster than Joel was storm out of the room after the match.

But no matter what I tried in the dozens of times I played McEnroe, I couldn't beat him. I had my chances. I always jumped out to a quick lead. But when I got to 10 or 12 points, McEnroe would turn on whatever it is that makes him a champion, and I would turn on whatever it is that makes me an observer. I never won.

It got to the point where I was intimidated by him. It wasn't his behavior; unlike his match with Joel, our games were always friendly. Besides, I had spent too many afternoons ducking my older brother's thrown paddles to become alarmed by poor behavior. Rather, it usually came down to my asking myself, "Can I really beat him?" The more I pondered, the more I missed the other end of the table.

Thus it was with the usual trepidation that I approached the dorm table late one Thursday night. We warmed up, hitting back and forth. Both of us were feeling pretty good, though it had nothing to do with how we were hitting. I don't think we were up late because we'd been at our desks burning the midnight oil.

Play began. I jumped out to an early lead. Nonetheless, I refused to get my hopes up. I had seen too many defeats to get excited by a 10–7 margin.

Sure enough, McEnroe began his midgame charge. Sure enough, my lead soon dissolved. Watching shot after shot go awry, I began to accept my fate. I soon found myself on the short end of a 20–17 score, McEnroe serving.

What followed defies understanding. If I could explain it, I suppose I would have made my high school baseball team, instead of barely lasting the first practice. McEnroe and I switched personalities. I became the aggressor, and he began flailing. I won the next five points—and the game, 22–20.

There were no explosions of emotion, from either side of the net. I did not exult, and McEnroe did not sulk. We were friends. He simply grinned his sheepish, hand-patting-his-hair-down grin and I grinned my damn-was-I-lucky grin, and we went to his room to listen to some music.

Let not my display of good sportsmanship diminish the import of the victory to me. Next to my two Little League no-hitters and getting an autographed picture of Bear Bryant, it stands as my greatest athletic accomplishment.

But I am not one to rub in such victories. I don't want to hurt or embarrass John. Then again, the time has come to let the world know. His reputation can withstand the shock. If he can recover from losing to a Vince Van Patten, I imagine he will be able to handle my revealing this. END

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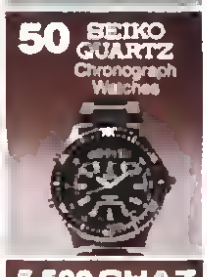
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4. If you are unable to locate the Chaz Grand Prix Sweepstakes store display and you want to determine if you are a winner simply request a facsimile of the store display card with the winning numbers by sending a stamped self-addressed envelope to Chaz Winning Numbers PO Box 550 Lowell Indiana 46356 Requests without stamped self addressed envelopes will not be honored Limit one request per envelope All requests for winning numbers must be postmarked by June 15 1982

5. If you do not have a winning number you can enter the Chaz Second Chance Sweepstakes by completing the game card and mailing it to Chaz Second Chance Sweepstakes PO Box 528 Lowell Indiana 46356 You may also enter the Chaz Second Chance Sweepstakes with free entry forms available at participating stores, or by hand printing your name address and zip code on a plain piece of paper (3" x 5") All unclaimed prizes are guaranteed to be awarded in random drawings under the supervision of VENTURA ASSOCIATES INC an independent judging organization whose decisions are final in all matters pertaining to the Sweepstakes

6. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received and the number of prizes unclaimed

7. Only one prize awarded per family No substitutions for prizes Taxes are the responsibility of the winners Winners will be notified by mail

8. This Sweepstakes is open to residents of the U S A except employees and their families of Revlon its dealers distributors agents advertising and promotion agencies and VENTURA ASSOCIATES INC who are not eligible Void where prohibited by law All Federal State and Local laws and regulations apply Residents of Ohio Wisconsin and Missouri may not have store displays available and may send for winning numbers per rule No 4 Entries that are illegible, mutilated or tampered with are void Winners may be asked to sign a statement of eligibility

8. For a list of major prize winners send a stamped self-addressed envelope after June 30 1982 to Grand Prix Winners PO Box 575 Lowell, Indiana 46356

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The Chaz Grand Prix' Sweepstakes. The prizes are almost as interesting as the man who wears Chaz.

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BOOKTALK

by ART HILL

HERE'S THE ESSENCE OF FIVE BASEBALL SEASONS BY A MASTER OF RICH DETAIL

Rather than try to match superlatives with other reviewers of Roger Angell's new baseball book, let's just say Angell is back, and the stuff is as good as ever. That should be news enough for most fans, because Angell is special to so many of us.

I first read most of the pieces in *Late Innings* (Simon and Schuster, $17.50) as they appeared in *The New Yorker* over a five-year period. (The book chronicles five seasons of the game, from 1977 to 1981. Almost five, that is. As baseball itself did, he stops in the middle of the 1981 season.) And it is only fair to say that Angell is better in small, concentrated doses than in one long, 429-page reading. Still, if you care about baseball, this latest book and his first two together constitute the best history of the game's last 15 years.

The degree of his caring about baseball, I think, is what makes Angell so special. Quite apart from his tremendous technical knowledge and his sharp eye for a significant, generally unnoticed detail, he obviously loves the game unstintingly. And anything that threatens it—such as the inclination of some team owners to adopt a farcical playoff system in 1981—threatens him. Some of us appreciate that.

As always, Angell is mainly concerned with major league players, but there are some rewarding side trips, notably to the playing fields of Yale in the company of Smokey Joe Wood, the 91-year-old former Yale coach who won 34 games as a Red Sox pitcher in 1912, and to the big league locker rooms (or the corridors just outside them) with several bright female reporters who were trying to breach that journalistic barrier in 1979. This section is highlighted for me by a number of interestingly ambivalent quotes from male reporters, most of whom defend the women's right to be there, but sort of wish they would go away.

One of the most appealing aspects of Angell's reporting is the air of seeming

continued

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innocence he takes with him when he talks to baseball people, whether it be in a World Series locker room or on a lazy spring afternoon at a training camp in Arizona or Florida. You don't get informative answers from players and managers unless you ask the right questions, but Angell makes it look easy—and the reader's sense of identification is enhanced by the perception, false but compelling, that he could have done it himself with hardly any effort, given the opportunity

The part I like best is the one that strays the farthest from the megabuck world of big-time sport Angell traces two years in the career of a 27-year-old pitcher, once a promising pro prospect, who's giving baseball one more chance to discover him after an eight-year layoff. From a marginal professional team in Idaho to a barely semi-pro team in Vermont, the author follows this foredoomed quest, first through the eyes of the player's sensitive and intelligent girl friend, and later by personal observation It's a bittersweet story, but not really a sad one ('tis better to have loved and lost, etc.), and in it we meet at least a dozen good people to whom baseball is important for reasons wholly divorced from the profit system.

Bob Gibson is here, too, in a brilliant essay that deftly combines Angell's vivid recollections of the great Cardinal pitcher's overpowering presence on the mound with a view of him in uneasy retirement in 1980. In one revealing quote, Gibson, at the time a successful Omaha banker and restaurateur, delineates the painful dilemma of the star who has outgrown his youthful skills. "When you've been an athlete," he says, "there's no place for you to go. I don't think the ordinary person ever gets to do anything they enjoy nearly as much as I enjoyed playing ball. . Maybe I'll still find something I like as much as I liked pitching, but I don't know if I will. I sure hope so."

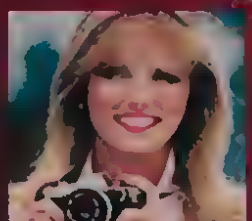
The piquant side dishes notwithstanding, the meat and potatoes of a Roger Angell baseball book is still his expert summation of major league seasons, and, like Reggie Jackson, he peaks in October. His accounts of the World Series resemble intricately plotted morality plays in which the good guys always win—whether by skill, determination or luck—because it would be unthinkable that the good guys might lose in this best of all possible games. **END**

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Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

LIVING WITH THE SHERMAN ACT AND (MAYBE) THE LOS ANGELES RAIDERS

Following a five-week trial, a jury of six women ruled in U S District Court in Los Angeles last week that the NFL had violated the Sherman Antitrust Act by trying to block the Oakland Raiders from moving to the L.A. Coliseum. The decision was a blow to Oakland fans, who have faithfully supported the Raiders, and it also vexed NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle, who had staunchly resisted efforts by his archrival, Raider Managing General Partner Al Davis, to relocate the team. Although Rozelle said the NFL would appeal, it was uncertain whether the league would ask the court to restrain the Raiders from leaving until the appeal ran its course. Reason: The Raiders and their co-plaintiff, the L.A. Coliseum Commission, have asked a total of $213 million in damages from the NFL, and any further delay could greatly increase the damages For his part, Davis indicated that there may not be enough time to move the Raiders by the start of the 1982 season.

Beyond the question of when the Raiders might head south were the implications of last week's verdict for efforts by the NFL, NBA and NHL to win the immunity from federal antitrust law that baseball enjoys as the result of a 60-year-old ruling by the U.S. Supreme Court. Those leagues want Congress to grant them baseball-style antitrust exemptions, arguing that professional sports is a unique business and that teams are not economic competitors but partners whose cooperation is essential. In keeping with this position, Rozelle assailed last week's decision as a threat to the NFL's "basic structure and stability" and warned that it might result "in the relocation of clubs under auction-type conditions."



ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES WALKER

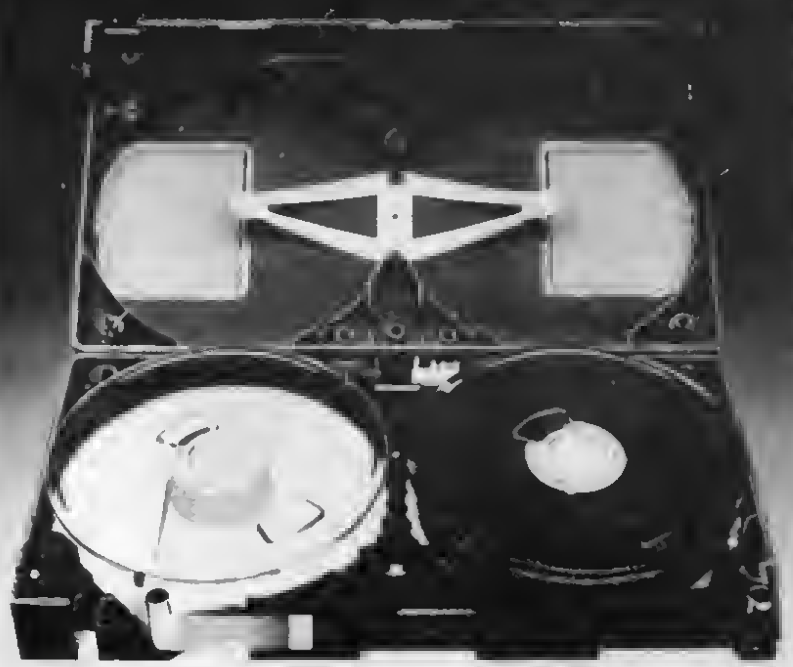
But Rozelle may be overstating the case. The verdict could indeed weaken the NFL owners' control of the game and cost them money; for one thing, by grabbing the valuable Los Angeles market for himself, Davis would deprive the NFL of a chance to sell L.A.'s "territorial rights" to a new franchise for a whopping expansion fee. The decision might also inspire legal challenges to other features of pro sports that, like league control over the location of franchises, raise antitrust questions, including player drafts and trades. But antitrust immunity should be granted only for the most compelling reasons. While it may make things less cozy for them, forcing NFL owners to abide by antitrust law won't wreak the havoc on the league that Rozelle implies, and the game of football won't suffer. That would happen only if teams weren't allowed to cooperate in establishing schedules and playing rules, areas that the courts have shown no interest in subjecting to antitrust law.

Rozelle is also on shaky ground in warning that the verdict would lead owners to auction their franchises to the highest bidder. In fact, such "auctions" already exist in all pro leagues, witness the game of musical franchises long played in baseball, the sport that has the very antitrust immunity the NFL covets. NFL teams have also sold themselves to the highest bidder—with the league's blessings. Thus, the Giants moved from New York to New Jersey's Meadowlands in 1976 and the Rams from the L.A. Coliseum to Anaheim two years ago. That these relocations are less dramatic than those in baseball is mostly attributable to Rozelle's shrewdness in getting his league's owners to consent to share TV revenues equally, an agreement made possible by a limited exemption to antitrust law that Congress conferred on *all* pro leagues in a 1961 act permitting them to sell the TV rights of their teams as a package. The NFL's share-the-wealth approach has minimized potential income differences between, for example, Kansas City with its modest TV market and New York with its huge viewing audience As a result, the Chiefs haven't felt the need to shop for a more inviting locale In refusing to stay put, Davis was apparently protecting himself against the possibility that cable-TV proceeds might not be covered by the revenue-sharing arrangement, in which case an NFL franchise in a major TV market like Los Angeles would become far more valuable than one in Oakland. Significantly, Rozelle holds to the interpretation that revenue sharing includes cable proceeds. If that view proves wrong, more NFL teams may well move But that's not automatically bad. It merely means that the NFL franchise market would be governed by the same supply-and-demand forces as other markets.

But what of the Raiders' betrayal of Oakland fans? The Raiders still face a suit before the California Supreme Court, brought by the City of Oakland, that seeks to keep the club there by seizing it under eminent domain. If nothing else, this suit serves as a reminder that sports teams are civic assets in which the public has an emotional and often a financial stake. The same point is made by a bill sponsored by Congressmen Pete Stark, whose district includes Oakland, and Don Edwards of San Jose that would prevent any pro team from moving unless the owner can prove he's losing money or his stadium is inadequate. Stark and Edwards hope the bill can be made retroactive to keep the Raiders in Oakland. Be that as it may, the measure has the virtue of being at once a more direct yet more limited remedy than a blanket antitrust exemption. Last week's court action suggests that the bill, which is languishing in subcommittee, might merit more attention than it has so far received.

CONTINUED

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NATIVE SON

In his story on Wyoming in this issue, Jim Doherty tells how pell-mell development has left that once-pristine state blighted by pollution, population pressures and the destruction of wildlife. Such dramatic changes appear to concern Secretary of the Interior James Watt, a Wyoming native, less than one might expect. In a question-and-answer interview in the January issue of *American Hunter*, the National Rifle Association's magazine, Watt was asked about the fears of sportsmen that mineral exploration and similar development might lead to a deterioration of habitat across the U.S. Watt sought to minimize that worry by invoking his own firsthand knowledge of Wyoming. "Mining and hunting are not as incompatible as some people would have you think," he said. "When I was growing up in Wyoming, it was often the timber roads and the mine roads that allowed us to get at the good hunting and fishing areas."

So much for the subject of deterioration of habitat. We refer you now to the story beginning on page 74.

THINKING BIG BY THINKING SMALL

When the Women's Pro Basketball League failed to reappear for the 1982 season, Nancy Lieberman, who had been playing for the Dallas Diamonds, was out of a job. But Lieberman, the most celebrated woman player in the U.S., wasn't about to call it quits. She began talking to Larry King, who was one of the developers of the team-tennis concept, a good idea that was probably ahead of its time and that was resurrected last summer in the form of a four-team league in California. King agreed to join Lieberman in getting something new going in women's pro hoops.

Lieberman and King are thinking small. They envision a geographically compact league that, to start with, will have teams only in Dallas, Houston, Chicago and Iowa, all places where the WBL drew well. Each club will play a three-week season of 12 games, six home and six away, followed by an all-star game. As in team tennis, the athletes will compete for prize money. The championship team will win $30,000, or $3,750 for each of seven players and the coach. The runners-up will divide $26,000, with $22,000 and $18,000 going to the third- and fourth-place finishers, respectively. Indi-

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vidual bonuses totaling $40,000 will be awarded to the players who do best statistically at their positions in scoring, assists, rebounding and free throws. Each member of the winning all-star team will earn $1,000; the losers will get $500 apiece. The MVP of the all-star game will receive $1,000. The most a player can earn in a season is $17,750, the least, $2,250. That's peanuts, of course, but not bad for barely a month's work.

To get the league off the ground by next winter, Lieberman and King hope to enlist a corporate sponsor. Because the season will be short, filling team rosters shouldn't be a problem. "Players who are skeptical about playing pro ball again because they didn't get paid last time or because their teams folded can work and keep their full-time jobs year-round," says Lieberman, who has learned a lot from the WBL's sad experience. "The people in the WBL were really nice, but they weren't sports people. They were putting money in so many places where it didn't belong, like paying $25,000 a night to rent Madison Square Garden." The new think-small league obviously isn't about to make that mistake.

THE ORIOLE CONNECTION

Oriole fans are likely to have mixed feelings about the heroics performed the other day by Brooks Robinson's son, Mike, a shortstop for Baltimore's Loch Raven High School. After singling in the go-ahead run in the top of the seventh—and final—inning, Mike, a 6′ 3″ senior, preserved his team's 7–6 win over Pikesville High in the bottom of the inning by making a spectacular play to turn what appeared to be a sure hit by Pikesville Leftfielder Terry Blair into a game-ending double play.

Did we say something about mixed feelings? Oh, yeah. Terry, also 6′ 3″ and a junior, is the son of another former Oriole standout, Paul Blair.

TERROR ON THE BASE PATHS

The University of Houston's Carl Lewis, the 1981 Sullivan Award winner, is currently ineligible for the Cougar track team because of poor grades, but that hasn't kept him from playing for the university payroll department's team in an intramural softball league. In a recent 14–7 loss to a team representing the College of Social Sciences, Lewis, who plays centerfield, had a perfect day at the plate without ever hitting the ball out of the infield.

In his first at bat, Lewis grounded to short and beat the throw to first by a good five steps. On his second time up, he hit a grounder to second and once again beat the throw. The next batter hit a ground ball to the shortstop, who immediately stepped on second in expectation of getting a forceout but was shocked to find Lewis already there. In his final plate appearance, Lewis drew a walk but was subsequently called out on softball's equivalent of a false start. He left the base too early in tagging up on a fly ball.

After the game, one opposing player came up to Lewis, who had the best performances in the world last year in both the long jump and 100 meters, and said, "It sure was nice to see you run."

SYNFUELS SEQUEL

[The President's] program would increase the pollution of rivers and might well pose additional health hazards to humans. Because it would require wide-scale strip mining of coal and intensive excavation of shale, it also has the potential to disfigure vast areas of the West ... there is substantial evidence that the cost and technological difficulties of developing synfuel to the point where it can possibly help ease the energy shortage will far exceed Carter's estimations. .

—SCORECARD, July 30, 1979, in reporting on President Carter's newly announced program to develop synthetic fuels as a means of increasing U.S. energy production.

Exxon, the world's richest company, allied in a joint venture with TOSCO, the most experienced oil shale developer, with the most highly developed shale technology, said it would walk away from a project on which it had spent about half a billion dollars. The reason? Projected costs had more than doubled in two years, even before the technology's most difficult environmental problems had been solved.

—*The Washington Post*, May 6, 1982, on the cancellation of the oil shale project that had been given the greatest chance of success, a move that all but killed the faltering U.S. synthetic fuels program.

HE MAKES SOME KIND OF LIST

As the TV sports columnist for the Long Island, N.Y. newspaper *Newsday*, Stan Isaacs has spent countless hours in front of the tube watching sports events—and listening to sportscasters. Herewith a list Isaacs recently ran of his least favorite on-the-air expressions.

1) Tie: "incredible," "unbelievable," "fantastic."

4) "At this point in time."

5) "He's something else."

6) "Does it all."

7) "Some kind of. . ."

8) "He gave him (all) (more than) he wanted."

9) "Young freshman."

10) "A real (good) (hot) (fine) ."

11) "He popped him up."

12) Tie: "threw caution to the winds," "deadlock."

And as long as we're on the subject, SI's Baltimore correspondent, Joe D'Adamo, thinks it's time that another pet expression of sportscasters, that somebody or other "gives 110 percent," be adjusted for inflation. D'Adamo believes that athletes should henceforth be lauded for effort only if they give 120% or more.

THEY SAID IT

• Oscar Gamble, Yankee outfielder, at an off-day workout ordered by owner George Steinbrenner the morning after a 13-inning loss to the A's: "Ernie Banks is the only person who would have been happy to be here."

• Len Elmore, New Jersey Nets center, on the difficulties he faced upon enrolling at Power Memorial Academy, the New York City parochial school previously attended by Lew Alcindor: "There were the inevitable comparisons from Day One. But they ended on Day Two."

• Lou Campanelli, coach of the James Madison University basketball team, which had a 24–6 record in 1981-82 and qualified for the NCAA tournament, explaining his team's success: "Our players know what a good shot is and what a bad shot is. They're not allowed to watch NBA games, or they wouldn't know the difference."

• Gord Racette, heavyweight boxer, upon being KO'd by Trevor Berbick 11 months after having been KO'd by Jimmy Young: "Young paralyzed the left side of my face. Berbick the right. This is not what I had in mind." END



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Sports Illustrated
MAY 17, 1982

The Prime Of The Ancient Mariner

Seattle's Gaylord Perry is the first pitcher in 19 years to win 300 games and, at 43, the oldest in history

by JACK McCALLUM

Victory No. 300 was like so many others in his 20-year career: a mixture of guile and guts, the combination that will carry Gaylord Perry into the Hall of Fame. He gave up a home run, then got the next three outs on three pitches. He loaded the bases in the eighth, then got the cleanup hitter on an 0–2 fastball. He gave up nine hits, but breezed through a 1–2–3 ninth.

And when the game ended last Thursday night in the Seattle Kingdome—on Willie Randolph's grounder to second that produced the final out of a 7–3 Mariner victory over the Yankees—it didn't matter whether the historic pitch was loaded with perspiration, saliva, resin or K-Y jelly. It mattered only that Gaylord Jackson Perry had become one of just 15 pitchers in the 107-year history of major league baseball to get 300 wins. Seven of those pitchers did most of their winning before the turn of the century, about the time the infant Perry was caught with Vaseline on his rattle. Perry is the first pitcher since Early Wynn on July 13, 1963, to reach 300, and only Perry, Wynn and Warren Spahn have won 300 in the last 40 years.

At age 43 years and eight months, Perry is the oldest to win

continued



After Perry doused New York 7–3 in the Kingdome last Thursday night, he was awash in celebratory champagne.

300. Kid Nichols, 30, was the youngest, in 1900. It took Perry the most games—721, compared to three early pitchers who did it in fewer than 500 games. And having worn seven different uniforms, five since 1979, Perry is also the most traveled. But he didn't get to the summit of Three Hundred Mountain and quit. He has his eye on another peak. With 3,368 strikeouts, he's 140 behind Walter Johnson's record.

To best appreciate the grandeur of Three Hundred Mountain, one must consider who hasn't or likely won't climb it. Among current pitchers, only Steve Carlton, with 265 wins at week's end, and Tom Seaver, with 260, have good shots, and they're both 37. One who probably won't make it, Ferguson Jenkins, 266, sent Perry a telegram that said CONGRATULATIONS, YOU OLD GOAT.

While clearly it takes more than good stuff, good control and good teams behind you to climb Three Hundred Mountain, Perry offered only the standard explanations: He stays in shape, he's blessed with a strong arm, he thinks positively, etc. "Tenacity!" says his wife, Blanche. "That's what he has." His daughter, Amy, may have it figured out best. "He just wants to be king of the hill all the time," she says.

A mere 27,369 fans were in the 59,438-seat Kingdome to witness Perry's historic victory. Two games later the Mariners drew 36,716 for Funny Nose Glasses Night. But then Perry has never asked for the spotlight, and, obligingly, baseball has never turned it on him, unless it was to undress him on the mound or examine the baseball for foreign substances. He had to sell himself this season to get a chance to pitch, as he did last year with the Atlanta Braves. He's giving good value. At week's end Perry had a 3–2 record, three complete games (he was one out short of another), 32 strikeouts (tied for third in the American League) and a 3.59 ERA.



In No. 300, Perry was toughest when he had to be.

It was on Oct. 5, 1981 that Atlanta handed Perry his release. With an 8–9 record and a 3.93 ERA, he was a mediocre pitcher on a mediocre team, but, understandably, Perry believed he deserved a shot at the three victories he needed to reach 300. Atlanta thought otherwise, and Perry and his agent, Alan Hendricks of Houston, began making phone calls. Blanche began to worry. "We had been through this whole thing before," she says. "I'd think, 'Where's your pride?' " Perry's pride was in his arm, which was still strong, and his will, which is beyond strong.

But after 40, even players who take care of themselves, as Perry does, can go into a steep decline. Another strike against Perry was his reputation for being a needler of young players and a clubhouse lawyer.

One of the calls Perry made himself, in early February, was to Dan O'Brien, the Mariners' president and general manager, who was G.M. during Perry's first 2½ seasons with Texas. At first O'Brien kept the conversation to himself because Seattle was in the midst of a much-publicized "youth movement," and there was no room for an aging arm. Particularly on a pitcher who would probably say embarrassing things about the team's youthful defense.

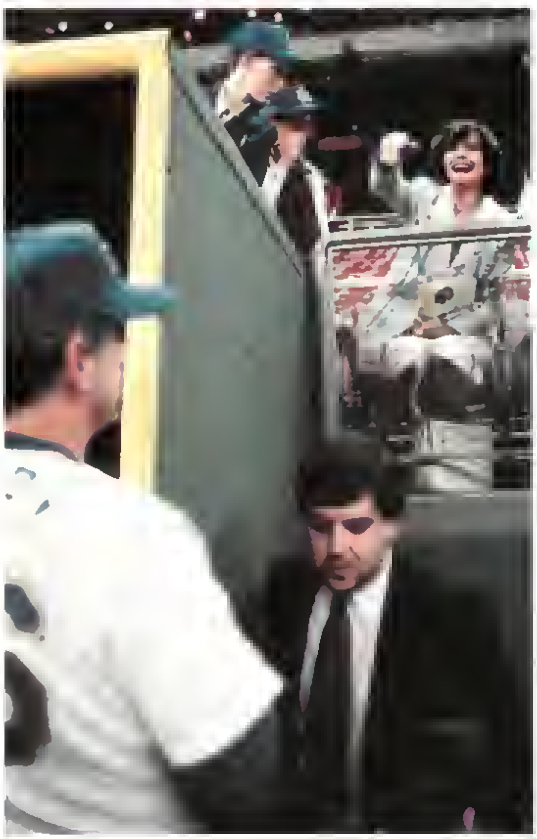
"Let's not deny the fact that Perry would get us some attention," says O'Brien. "We're a long way from everywhere up here and, dammit, we *need* something. Plus, our biggest winner last year [Floyd Bannister] had only nine wins. I honestly thought Perry could help us."

After O'Brien and Hendricks reached a basic contract agreement in late February, O'Brien got the approval of owner George Argyros. Only then did O'Brien tell Manager Rene Lachemann. The reaction? "I'd say acceptance but not enthusiasm," says O'Brien.

Perry arrived at the Mariners' camp in Tempe, Ariz. on March 5, two full weeks after the other pitchers. Picking him up at the airport was Seattle's traveling secretary, Lee Pelekoudas, whose father, former National League Umpire Chris Pelekoudas, was the first to body-search Perry. "Now I can get even with his son," Perry told Lee.

He was supposedly there on a make-the-team-or-say-goodby basis, but there's every reason to believe O'Brien was determined to take him north, barring a complete collapse. "If it came

Blanche sent her hubby off with a wave.



down to him or somebody else," says O'Brien, "Gaylord would get the benefit of the doubt." Despite a nightmarish spring debut—Perry walked six in three innings in a 12–3 loss to the Cubs—there *was* no doubt. He threw superbly against the Angels and in a B game against Oakland, and he signed a Mariner contract. "Even if he was an unknown pitcher he would've made the club based on his performance," says O'Brien.

Perry's contract is unusual and certainly piddling for a player of his magnitude. His base salary is $50,000, with monthly increments that could earn him $200,000 if he pitches the entire season. But he's still on a month-to-month arrangement and living with the threat of release if he goes into a slump. "You've just got to wonder about the judgment of some baseball people, who literally shovel money at some guys and not at a proven performer like Gaylord," says Hendricks.

"He's been more than a model citizen," says Lachemann, who's six years Perry's junior. That first became evident to the manager when Perry uncomplainingly joined the Mariners' aerobics exercise program in spring training. "Gaylord's not a bad dancer, either," says Lachemann.

Nor was he a bad pitcher in his first two regular-season starts. Although he lost 5–3 to Oakland and 3–2 to California, he went the route in both games. Victory No. 298 and No. 1 as a Mariner came on April 20 when he fanned a club-record 13 in a 6–4 defeat of the Angels, with relief help from Mike Stanton. After a no-decision in his next start, Perry nailed No. 299 with a 6–3 win over the Yankees in New York, Reliever Bill Caudill getting the final out.

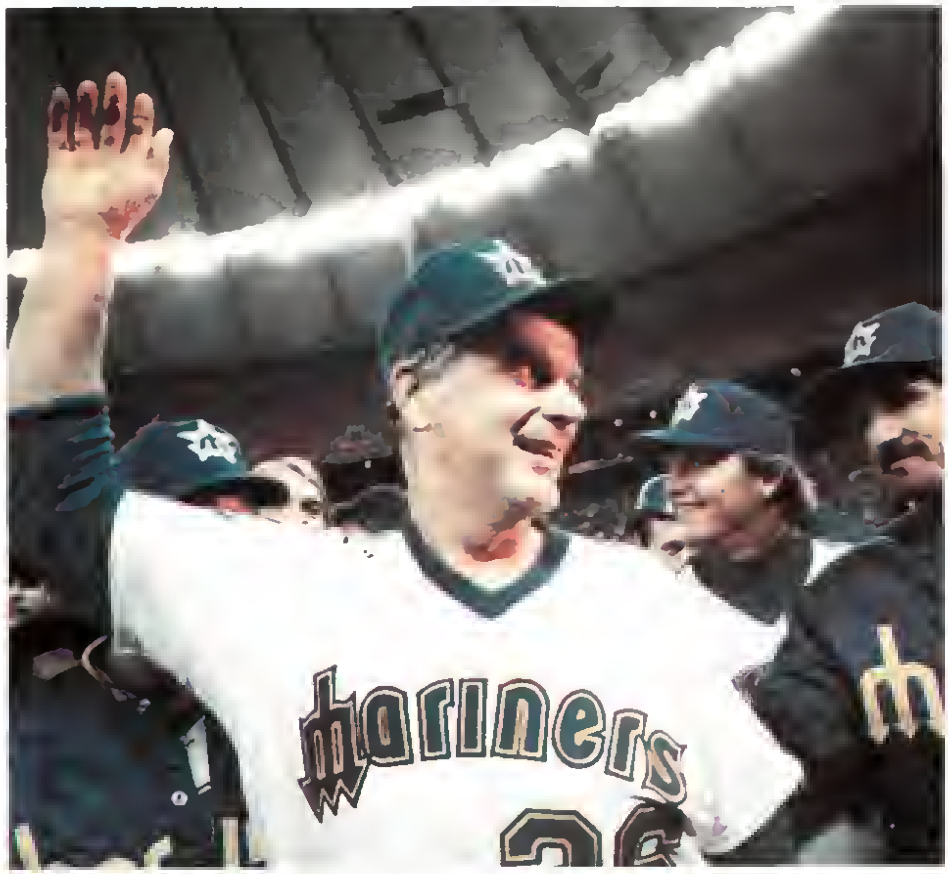
If Perry was tight in the days before last week's game, he didn't show it. On Wednesday afternoon he exchanged pleasantries with President Reagan, who telephoned during a press conference at the Dome. The two were old friends, Perry having done some gubernatorial campaigning for Reagan in 1970. (Richard Nixon also called the clubhouse with good wishes before the game.) Perry spent the early part of Thursday afternoon with Blanche and Amy at the Bellevue, Wash. hotel where he's been living, and they were at the ball park by 4 o'clock. "For some reason, my mother loves watching him warm up," said Amy. He did give them a show, though, by hitting a batting-practice home run. "Anybody can hit one out of here," said Perry. "That just shows what a tough place it is to pitch." Perry did his best to avoid interviews, but he was congenial enough when cornered at his locker stall, in which hangs a T shirt bearing the inscription 300 WINS IS NOTHING TO SPIT AT.

"He was so nice the entire day, my mother and I figured he'd get bombed," said Amy. But Perry's teammates were thinking positively. "This opportunity doesn't exactly come along once a season," said DH Richie Zisk before the game. "We'll be ready."

They were. The Mariners got Perry five runs in the third and two more in the seventh. Perry was in real trouble only in the eighth, when the Yanks loaded the bases with one away. Out came cleanup hitter John Mayberry, and down he went on three pitches, the last one a fastball. Catcher Bud Bulling hadn't called for that pitch, but Perry routinely shakes off 60 to 80 pitches a game. Two infield singles scored a pair of runs before Perry induced Roy Smalley to fly to left.

Once he got out of the eighth, Perry had clearly scaled the mountain. The fans chanted "Gay-lord! Gay-lord!" as he took the mound in the ninth, and even the old stoic admitted, "I got the chills." In the bullpen, Caudill considered leading his crew into the dugout to show Perry they had confidence in him. Up in the stands, Jim Perry—the other half of the combination that has won more games (515) than any other baseball brother act—proclaimed it was all over. Blanche was smiling confidently. On the mound, Gaylord Perry thought about the things Gaylord Perry always thinks about. "I just wanted to stay ahead of the hitters and not walk anybody. I didn't want their power to get up."

Rick Cerone lined softly back to the mound. Larry Milbourne popped out to second base. Randolph grounded to second. And that was it. Perry had his 300th win, and the 5-year-old Mariners had their 303rd. Perry raised a fist and punched the air. His teammates, some of whom hadn't been born when Perry signed his first pro contract, with the Giants' organization in 1958, mobbed him and led him toward the clubhouse and the Mariners' first official champagne squirt. Pitcher Larry Andersen, at most times a cutup, respectfully asked Perry to autograph a baseball for him. And then Perry reflected on his next goal. "Three-oh-one," he said. **END**



After the game, Perry was surrounded by his teammates and engulfed by the cheers.



After Mancini hooked him hard to the body, Frias rocked Boom Boom with his own left.

Faster Than You Can Say 'New Champion'

Boom Boom Mancini separated Arturo Frias from his senses and his WBA lightweight championship in a furious first round **by PAT PUTNAM**

The first hammer fell in the form of a crushing hook slung by Ray (Boom Boom) Mancini into the right side of WBA lightweight champion Arturo Frias. And then all the carefully planned strategies were lost in the blur of a barroom brawl. The hook was thrown just 18 seconds into last Saturday's title fight at the Aladdin Hotel in Las Vegas. The end came 156 seconds later, with Frias, his face and nose torn, shorn of his title but safe in the arms of Referee Richard Green. "What you saw was skyrockets and fireworks," Mancini shouted as blood poured from his cut left eyelid.

And so the title passed from Frias, a heroic loser, to Mancini, 21, who immediately lateraled it to his father, Lenny, 62, whose dreams of the same championship had been shattered by a mortar blast on a battlefield in France in 1944. Six pieces of German shrapnel blasted Lenny's name forever from the ranks of the world's premier lightweights.

Seven months ago WBC champion Alexis Arguello almost pinned a no-return ticket on Boom Boom. Dropped by Arguello in the 12th round, Mancini was stopped in the 14th, his first loss in 21 fights. The son's dream of winning the title for his father took a standing eight count. "But don't write him off," Arguello said then. "Someday this young man will be champion."

Arguello could hardly have imagined how quickly his prophecy would come true. Or how fate would bring Mancini and Frias to their explosive meeting in Las Vegas last week. On Oct. 3, the day Arguello defeated Mancini in Atlantic City, Frias, although ranked No. 10 by the WBA, was regarded as no more than a gritty club fighter with the grim future of $3,000 paydays.

Frias won his first 20 fights as a pro but, curiously, didn't appear in the ratings until he lost a controversial 10-round decision last May in Caracas to Venezuela's Ernesto España, the ex-WBA champ. Convinced that Frias had been robbed by local officials, the WBA placed the 25-year-old Mexican-American from Los Angeles at the bottom of its July 1981 listings, then ignored him.

Late last November, while Claude Noel, then the WBA champion, was training to defend against Gonzalo Montellano, Frias was in a Los Angeles gym getting ready for a $3,000 fight at the Showboat Hotel in Las Vegas. Montellano suffered a hip injury, setting off a frantic search for a substitute. "There were only 11 days remaining before the fight," says Mort Sharnik of CBS, which televised the bout. "We needed a contender who was already in training. We went right to Frias."

Frias stunned the fight world and



Noel, knocking out the champ in the eighth round. That earned Frias $40,000. Less than two months later, on Jan. 30, he made another $120,000 with a technical decision over España, the eternal No. 1 contender, in L.A. Leading on all cards, Frias' left cheek was ripped open by a butt in the ninth round. The bout was stopped and Frias ruled the winner.

Backed by CBS funding, promoter Bob Arum then signed Frias, for $175,000, to defend against Mancini, who had won twice by knockouts after losing to Arguello. "Hold it," said the WBA, which ruled that its own officials had erred in the Frias-España fight and that Frias must make yet another defense against its favorite lightweight, the 27-year-old España.

"We're not buying any more of their garbage," CBS's Sharnik said. ABC also announced it would have no part of an España fight. CBS decided it would still telecast a Frias-Mancini fight, if not for Frias' WBA title, then for Mancini's North American Boxing Federation championship For the same money.

Pepito Cordero, España's manager, graciously agreed to accept $50,000 from Arum to permit Mancini to fight Frias first. He also extracted a promise that the winner would fight España—a badly spent warrior—within 60 days.

The WBA was satisfied, but then six days before the fight, Frias was cut on the bridge of his hawk nose while sparring. The cut was small, horizontal and below the eyeline.

"Art, it will open up and bleed," Dr. Donald Romeo, the Nevada State Athletic Commission physician, advised. "But it's below the eyes and I'm not alarmed. If you want to postpone the fight I'll back you 100 percent."

Frias elected to fight. He borrowed hockey-goalie-type headgear from Mancini for the remainder of his sparring. A few days later the two fighters met as they ran across a Las Vegas golf course. In passing, Frias shouted his gratitude for the loan. "My pleasure," Mancini yelled back. "Anytime."

Mancini smiled as he spoke of the encounter. "You know, he seems like a real nice guy," he said. "After the fight I'd like to sit down and talk to him. I'd like to meet his wife, Rose, and for him to meet my father and mother. I think we could be friends. Hey, if I wasn't fighting I'd be pulling for him. But I have to keep my perspective. I want to win this just as much for my father as he does for his wife and two kids, and it's not like I thought of winning it for my father yesterday. It's just a matter of forces, and only one of us will come out of it."

The plan devised by Murphy Griffith, Mancini's trainer, called for long-range sniping at Frias' wounded nose for the first four rounds. Murphy also suspected that the cut under Frias' left eye suffered in the España fight hadn't healed. "The longer it goes, the better chance he'll bust up," Murphy said. "And when things aren't going his way he gets wild. That's the way we want him."

The elder Mancini, a fearless 5′ 2″ brawler who was *The Ring* magazine's No. 1 lightweight contender in April of 1941, had his own advice. "Hook him to the body," he told Ray. "When he throws that big overhand right, you book him."

The champion's people were urging him to be cool, to keep Mancini in front of him, to pick his spots. "Don't get overanxious like you did against España," warned trainer Al Lira. "Don't lose your head. Take your time, pick him apart."

The advice was sound and useless. "Everybody knows how we both fight," Mancini said. "I won't have to look for him, and he won't have to look for me."

So much for the sweet part of the Sweet Science. Frias followed Lira's advice for just those 18 seconds. Keeping Mancini in front of him, he showed a nice jab and a short, crisp right hand, thrown straight and true. And then Mancini fired the hammer to the body.

"That's when he came unglued," Griffith would say later. "It turned him into a *kamikaze*."

Almost with a snarl, Frias leaped to the attack. Quickly, a hook to the head wobbled Mancini, and he struggled to stay erect. As Frias lunged to press his advantage, Mancini, bent low, fired a right hand to the head, stopping Frias cold. Then Mancini grabbed and held until his head cleared.

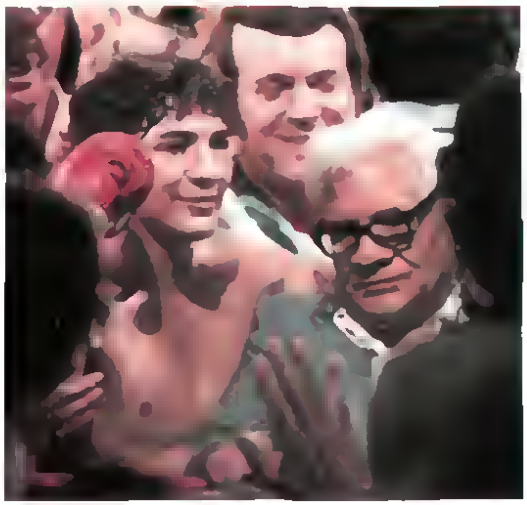
When they broke, they went at each other with both hands. A Frias right caught Mancini high on the head, ripping

continued



If Frias could have foreseen the battering he was in for, he might have stayed down.





As Mancini connected with punch after punch, there was no doubt he would take the title that his dad (left) had sought.

the 14th round. He could feel the power surging through his body.

When Green let the fight resume, there were 32 seconds left in the round. Mancini drilled Frias with a right and then drove him against the ropes with a barrage of hooks from both sides. Frias, his hands down, was helpless. As Mancini's relentless attack passed the 30-punch mark, Green moved in to stop the bout. The 33rd punch was a left hook to the head, the 34th a straight right thrown over the interceding arms of Green with 10 seconds remaining.

It took Green four more seconds to walk Mancini away from Frias and to signal that he had stopped the fight. It was officially over at 2:54.

In just 22 seconds Mancini had fired 34 punches, few missing. "In that remaining 10 seconds he could have hit him 12 to 15 more times," said Dave Wolf, Mancini's manager. "I can't believe the number of punches he threw in that round. The most he ever threw before was 169. I know he bettered that."

Green's decision to stop it when he did was unquestionably correct. "I wasn't aware of the time, but it wouldn't have mattered," he said. "I looked at him and his eyes were rolling in his head. He could have been another Benny Paret [the welterweight champion who died after being knocked senseless by Emile Griffith in 1962]. Better a loss on his record and him still able to fight tomorrow."

Frias disagreed mildly. "I was stunned but I never lost track of what was going on," he said. "I heard somebody in my corner yell 10 seconds, and I just relaxed, trying to get my composure back."

After the fight Mancini went to the hospital, where eight stitches were taken to close his eyelid. The doctors ordered him not to spar for six weeks, which means he won't be fighting España or anyone else before August. He had been chasing the title for himself and for Lenny since Oct. 18, 1979. He had earned the vacation. END

BOOM BOOM *continued*

open the eyelid; a Mancini right hook unzippered the scar tissue holding Frias' left cheek together. Both men seemingly swayed on the edge of disaster.

With his back to the ropes, Frias unleashed a blistering flurry. As Frias stepped forward, Mancini stunned him with a hook to the head. Frias backed off and stopped punching. Mancini was on him with two more hooks, missing with a right but slamming home a hook to the head that dropped the champion.

As Frias struggled to his feet at the count of seven, an image of last September's Ray Leonard-Thomas Hearns fight flashed through Mancini's head. He recalled how Leonard, through the sheer volume of punches thrown, had forced Referee Davey Pearl to stop that fight in

A Workman's Compensation

by RALPH WILEY

One of Jack London's short stories is entitled *The Mexican*. It concerns a desperately poor youth who slips across the U.S. border to fight in cheap smokers to buy guns for the revolution. He always wins, even against his betters, because his way of life dictates he dare not lose.

At the age of five Jorge Garcia Gonzalez, a/k/a Rocky Garcia, was on the streets of Mexico City, shining shoes and peddling papers. After he crossed the border, he slept in the backseat of a battered Camaro for 10 days because he couldn't pay the rent in Placentia, Calif., where he was working in a bakery. He went on to win 23 of 24 professional bouts, never being knocked down, before taking a fight with a superb champion for $35,000, nine times more than any of his prior purses.

But the ending for Garcia diverged from London's story line. Garcia's ending was Salvador Sanchez. The WBC featherweight champion with an illustrious 42–1–1 record, Sanchez pounded out a unanimous decision over Garcia last Saturday night at Dallas' Reunion Arena.

It wasn't the rout that had been pre-

dicted, just the workmanlike culmination of a workaholic's week, in which Sanchez had handed out 1,000 photographs of himself at the Cinco de Mayo festival, and worked; visited Tom Landry, and worked; turned down the chance to throw out the first ball at a Rangers game, and worked.

"He's strangely different," WBC President José Sulaimán said of Sanchez. "Like Ali, not a great puncher, but a train could not knock him down."

"The reason I fight is to beat three champions: Danny Lopez, Wilfredo Gomez and Alexis Arguello," Sanchez said. "Two have been done," said Eddie Mafúz, Sanchez' translator. And so they have—Lopez by a knockout in 1980, Gomez by a knockout last August.

Now came Rocky Garcia, and he didn't go easily. Garcia's 15-round survival was the result not so much of any largess on Sanchez' part as Garcia's determination to walk out of the ring with respectability. That he did.

The first six rounds were strictly fox-and-hounds, with Sanchez boring straight ahead. Sanchez threw few jabs, merely tracers lighting the way for his big right hand. He began blasting Garcia with rights in the second round, scoring heavily with a bolo to Garcia's head. But Garcia's chin held firm. Many of Sanchez' heaviest punches caught the challenger high on the head.

Still, with the added effect of Sanchez' body attack, Garcia absorbed endless punishment. But his skin served him. He didn't cut until late in the fight, and then it was a small one, below the left eye, and stayed that way.

"You've got to enjoy it," said WBC heavyweight champ Larry Holmes, who had fought a four-round exhibition earlier in the evening to sharpen himself for next month's title bout with Gerry Cooney. "You've got to enjoy the shots you take and you've got to love landing."

Sanchez was landing and loving it, although with his doll's face he doesn't look like a pug. It's that face that precipitated Sanchez' first fights, defending his masculinity and schoolbooks and pencils against toughs in Santiago Tianguistenco, near Mexico City. They called him *niña*, or "little girl." "He did not start out as a hero in Mexico," says his physician, Dr. José Valenzuela. "He was of the middle class."

"You know how people love the fighters from the humblest beds," says Sulaimán. Sanchez' father owns a construction firm, and Salvador still lives at home with his 11 brothers and sisters, most of whom haven't seen his title fights.

Lack of an entourage isn't the only difference between Sanchez and other champions. He has no nickname—no *El Torito* or *Chapo* or *Mantequilla*. Just Sal. He will gain at most five pounds between fights, and for him the height of dissipation is savoring the aroma of apple-flavored pipe tobacco. There's a girl back home, but beyond that "he doesn't even go out," says Mafúz. "All he wants is to fight. And perhaps shop."

Sanchez is currently shopping for Arguello, the estimable WBC lightweight champ. "I am ecstatic with delight," says promoter Don King. "I have both Sanchez' and Arguello's names on the contract. The fight should be in September, in Las Vegas." That's assuming Arguello survives his May 22 bout with Andy Ganigan and Sanchez later defeats Colombia's Mario Miranda. "Sanchez got $150,000 for Garcia, plus Latin rights augmentation," says King. "He should get around four times that for Arguello."

"We don't mind if Arguello gets more," says Juan José Torres Landa, Sanchez' lawyer. "We have a good guarantee and percentage."

Garcia called Sanchez a "great champion," even though he struck him a low blow in the seventh, which held up the fight for five minutes.

"I will win," Sanchez says of the prospective bout with Arguello, for which Sanchez would move up from 126 pounds to the lightweight limit. It would be the biggest fight for Latin Americans since he beat WBC super bantamweight champ Gomez last August. Sanchez continued: "I will win because I promised, and because of the faith and the confidence I have in Salvador Sanchez." END



Sanchez battered Garcia often enough to knock down a wall, but he still wouldn't fall.



A touch of reality slipped into the Vancouver Canucks' spring last Saturday night when New York Islander sharpshooter Mike Bossy picked off an errant pass and scored his third goal of the evening. That gave the defending champions a 6–5 overtime win in the opening game of the best-of-seven Stanley Cup finals. The goal came at 19:58—two seconds before the end of the first sudden-death period—ending a game that Islander Coach Al Arbour likened to Irish football.

"Clutch, grab and tackle. Holding onto sweaters. Dump it out, dump it out. That's the way they play," said Arbour. "They try to frustrate you, and they'll use the same tactics the whole series. The refereeing? I'm kind of annoyed at some of the calls that weren't made."

It had started all over again—the psychological warfare coaches wage against each other and the referees at the start of any series, certainly any series in which the Canucks have been involved this spring. Arbour's remarks were reminiscent of some of the tirades Chicago Coach Bob Pulford delivered earlier in the week as his Black Hawks lost in the conference finals to these same frustrating Canucks, four games to one. But make no mistake, Vancouver does more than clutch, grab and dump it out, and before the Islanders become the first U.S.-based team to win three consecutive Stanley Cups, they could have a series on their hands.

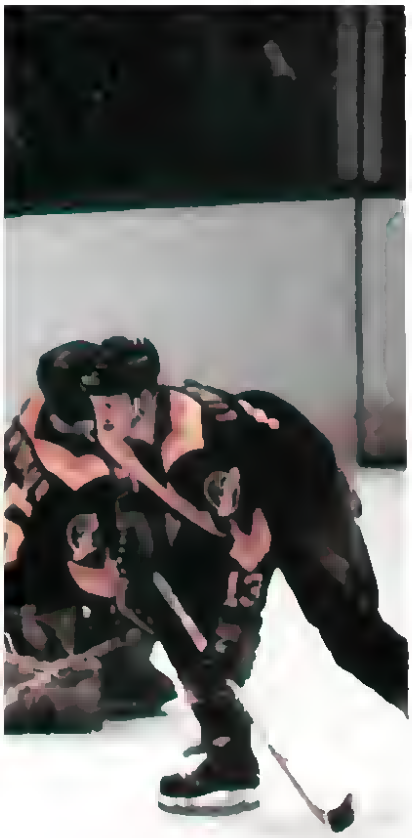
That was the real message of Saturday night, not the refereeing. As Vancouver Coach Harry Neale said after the clinching win in Chicago Thursday, "We've had more players at the top of their game than any team I've been associated with. We've had great goaltending, we've outworked every team we've played and we've been lucky as a sonofabitch. When you put those four things together, you're tough to beat."

A Great Awakening In Vancouver

The woebegone Canucks, who used to put their fans to sleep, have made it all the way to the finals of the Stanley Cup **by E.M. SWIFT**

The Canucks have been just that. Through Sunday, their record over the last 23 games was 17–3–3, and two of those losses came in overtime. The mere presence of the Canucks in the Stanley Cup finals, dressed in their school-bus-yellow, flame-red and ebony-black uniforms, threatened to upstage the Islanders' quest for the Cup. Until this spring, there had been so little to say about the Vancouver franchise that couldn't be said by describing those uniforms. Ugly. In 1970, the year the team was formed, the Canucks and the Buffalo Sabres spun a wheel to decide who would get first choice in the amateur draft, and Vancouver has been losing ever since. Buffalo selected Gil Perreault, who became rookie of the year and one of the premier centermen in hockey. The Canucks followed with the first of their many bumbles in the draft, Dale Tallon. Tallon was traded three years later, and the Canucks are still searching for the star they had hoped he would become. Vancouver has never had a first- or second-team All-Star, has never had a coach or a player win an NHL award and, until last month's sweep of the Calgary Flames, had never won a playoff series. In its 12-year history, the team has had 10 losing seasons, including each of the last six.

The origins of the word Canuck are uncertain, although *A Dictionary of Canadianisms* surmises it might be derived from the Iroquois *canuchsa*, which means hut. That book goes on to say, "In spite of the definition given in many dictionaries, the term Canuck as applied by Canadians to themselves is not at all derogatory. . . ." This description obviously was written before the Vancouver hockey team began dragging the nation's nickname through the muck. Canuck fans be-



Bossy's overtime goal lifted the Islanders to victory in the opening game of the finals.

came inured to watching games in embarrassed silence. Playing hockey in the Pacific Coliseum was like playing in the Vancouver public library. Center Ivan Boldirev, who was traded to Vancouver two years ago from Atlanta, recalls, "We used to come in here and tell each other before games, 'Let's not wake up the fans.'" Adds Scotty Morrison, the NHL's chief of officiating, who used to live in Vancouver, "I've been to games there in which you could sit in the stands and hear the players talking amongst themselves on the ice."

The low point may have been reached in January. The Canucks had lost a club-record 13 consecutive games on the road, and the offense was in such sorry shape that the local joke was that the only way to stop Wayne Gretzky was to let him play under Neale. Attendance was down by more than 1,500 fans per game, as compared with a year before, and there was talk of the club leaving Canada's third-largest market for the Meadowlands in New Jersey. The *New Jersey* Canucks? A certain Sir James Alexander, an explorer and an author, would have turned in his casket. In 1849 he wrote, "Come boys and have some grog. I'm what you call a Canuck; a Canadian."

It was, in fact, a Canuck-Canadien game in Montreal on March 18 that turned the team around. Montréal had lost only one of its last 27 games, and Vancouver was winless in its last eight, but the Canucks won that night 4–2 on Darcy Rota's hat trick. Two nights later Neale led a charge into the Quebec stands when a fan took a swipe at one of his players. The league suspended Neale for 10 games, and he immediately decided he wouldn't go back behind the bench even if the team were still alive in the playoffs when he returned. Associate Coach Roger Neilson took over—he was scheduled to do so next year anyway, and Neale was to move up to general manager—and the revived Canucks finished the regular schedule with a nine-game unbeaten streak and a 30–33–17 record.

Eliminating the Black Hawks meant Vancouver could become the first sub-.500 team to win the Cup in 33 years.

In the first two rounds of the playoffs, Vancouver defeated Calgary in three straight games and Los Angeles four games to one, thanks in good part to the spectacular goal-tending of Richard Brodeur. At week's end he had an 11–3 playoff record and a 2.51 goals-against average. Vancouver's one legitimate star, Brodeur, 29, came to the team with zero fanfare. Just before the start of last season, the Islanders dealt him to the Canucks for a song—an exchange of fifth-round draft choices. Defenseman Colin Campbell remembers Brodeur's arrival well. "I had just been waived by Edmonton," says Campbell. "Vancouver picked me up and when I walked into my hotel room this fat little guy was sitting there. That was Brodeur. He didn't have a contract, and he thought they were going to send him down to the minor league team in Dallas. He said he was too old to go back to the minors, and if it came to that he'd give up the game. They had him

continued



Brodeur's saves had saved the Canucks—until New York came knocking at his door.

dressing in the visitors' dressing room. This whole team is made up of castoffs. You can go right around the room, and none of us should be here."

Indeed, while the prevailing wisdom in the NHL maintains that the only way to build a team is through the draft, 13 Canucks have been traded for, six have been signed as free agents and only six were originally drafted by Vancouver. "We've gotten as far as we have because the one thing we co*uld* do was outwork and outhit anybody we played," says Neilson. "And, let's face it, when Minnesota and Edmonton were eliminated in the opening round of the playoffs, the teams that were left were ones we should have been able to beat. It's not like we've been pulling major upsets."

True. The combined record of Vancouver's three postseason victims was a shimmering 83–113–44. Had Neilson known that a few weeks ago, he might have said no to a friend who offered to drive Neilson's car back to eastern Canada for the summer. Instead, Neilson has been forced to pedal his bike back and forth between his house and the Pacific Coliseum during much of the playoffs, toting his groceries on his handlebars. Which, he allowed, was better than not being there at all.

To get past Chicago in the semis, Neilson knew the Canucks had to stop Denis Savard. The lightning-quick center had 119 points in the regular season, 37 more than any other Black Hawk forward. Neilson chose to have Gerry Minor, a center who had played only 13 games all year after suffering both a skull fracture and a broken ankle, cover Savard with the help of linemates Lars Molin and Dave (Tiger) Williams, the tough left wing who has been described as having a "face so flat he could bite a wall." The strategy worked. In Game 1, which Vancouver won 2–1 in double overtime, Savard was held scoreless, as time after time Pulford, who had the option to change lines last, sent Savard out against Minor. "Pulford was outcoached," said one NHL official. And Brodeur was sensational, making 46 stops.



In Vancouver's defeat of the Black Hawks, Snepsts (left) was a stalwart on defense.

Chicago won the second game 4–1. In the brawl-filled third period, in which 150 minutes of penalties were called, Neilson may have become the first NHL coach to win a series by waving a flag of surrender. The Black Hawks had just scored their fourth goal when Neilson, to protest the officiating, put a white towel on the end of a stick and waved it at Referee Bob Myers. Williams and Minor followed suit. When Myers didn't notice their antics, Neilson sent Defenseman Lars Lindgren out to tap him on the shoulder. Myers responded by ejecting Neilson and giving Williams and Minor 10-minute misconducts.

In the aftermath Pulford, great humorist that he is, called Neilson's gesture "classless." The NHL issued a statement that "actions that demean our game and officials will not be tolerated" and fined Neilson and the Canucks a total of $11,000. For waving a towel. This from a league that suspended Philadelphia's Paul Holmgren for only five games for *hitting* a referee. The NHL's punishment played right into Neilson's hands.

"There comes a time in baseball when the manager goes out and argues just to support his players," says Neilson. "That's what this was." Neilson, who is known around the league as an amateur psychologist, then told the Canucks that no one wanted a West Coast team in Halloween costumes in the Stanley Cup finals; that the NHL brass wanted to sell a Chicago-New York final to CBS; and that, by gum, it's us against the world, 'cause nobody's going to give us an inch. An enterprising T-shirt company got into the action by inscribing several thousand white towels with CANUCKS TAKE NO SURVIVORS—STANLEY CUP, '82 and selling them outside the Coliseum for $5 apiece. As a result, the usually soporific Pacific Coliseum was aflutter with towels and enthusiasm before the third game. "It looked great from where we were," said Boldirev. "I couldn't help skating around with a smile on my face."

The Canucks won 4–3 when Stan Smyl, who is tied for the team lead in playoff goals with eight, picked up a loose puck as he stepped out of the penalty box and beat Hawk Goalie Murray Bannerman on a breakaway. Savard, who had scored two goals in Game 2, was held to one shot on goal. "We covered Savard like a bad smell," said Williams.

Savard reacted by spitting at referee Andy van Hellemond, the NHL's best, as van Hellemond was leaving the ice. That resulted in Savard's getting his second gross-misconduct penalty of the playoffs. Savard was also the gentleman who expectorated at Minnesota Coach Glen

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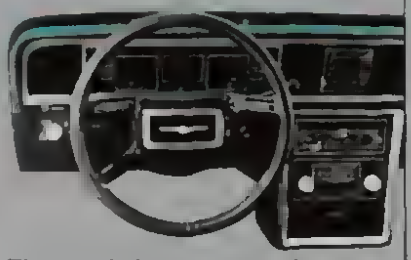
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MARINER OUTBOARDS
BETTER IN THE LONG RUN.



Sonmor in Game 3 of the Black Hawk-North Star series last month. Pulford, sounding very much the way Arbour would a week later, said, "If they're going to be allowed to play football, let's have scrimmages. We had to skate around their end carrying them on our backs. Maybe the white flags worked."

A pious Neilson later said, "One referee told me he'd rather have a towel waved at him than be spat at."

It was more of the same in Game 4, as Vancouver jumped to a 3–0 lead and, bolstered by Brodeur's acrobatics in goal, held on for a 5–3 win. Afterward, Pulford got into a shouting match with the NHL's Morrison, who compared the referee-baiting in this series to some of the great Scotty Bowman-Don Cherry debates in 1977 and '78. But it was injured Black Hawk Winger Darryl Sutter who best described what was happening on the ice: "We don't have enough boys in the hunt."

And a hunt it was back at the Chicago Stadium last Thursday night. "Chicago tried every way to beat us, and tonight was their last gasp so they tried to intimidate us," said Campbell after the 6–2 Vancouver victory that put the Canucks in the finals. "If they thought they could beat us in the alleys, they should have looked at our lineup first. We have at least eight guys who'll answer the bell. They have three or four."

One Canuck who won't "answer the bell" is Lindgren. So naturally he was the one the Hawks' Grant Mulvey went after, cross-checking Lindgren in the head after play had been stopped with Chicago trailing 3–1. "My instruction was to change things around if I could," said Mulvey. "That's why I did it."

The only thing Mulvey changed was the configuration of his own face. Vancouver's Ron Delorme rushed in as Lindgren lay on the ice and hammered Mulvey to a pulp. "If that wasn't justice, I don't know what is," said one Vancouver player. Referee Ron Wicks sent both teams to their dressing rooms with 1:34 left in the first period, by which time 164 minutes in penalties had been assessed. Without question the Black Hawks had been the instigators. " 'You don't have to be the toughest team in the league,' " said Neale after the unsightly game, quoting a philosophy of Sonmor's. " 'But you have to be able to handle the toughest.' "



Eleven minutes after Vancouver's Jim Nill (left) and Dave Feamster squared off ...

Indeed, that was likely to be the theme of the final series. Vancouver couldn't hope to match the Islanders' speed or offensive punch, but if the Canucks could frustrate New York into making impatient mistakes, as Neilson's Toronto team succeeded in doing in the 1978 playoffs, it could be an interesting series. "They have all the tools," says Campbell. "Offense, defense, discipline, goaltending. So what do we do? It's our first time here. Maybe we can outenthuse them."

That's as good a formula as any for an underdog, and despite the overtime loss on Saturday, the losers—who might well have won 5–4 if Brodeur hadn't misplayed a rolling puck with 4:46 remaining in regulation—were unimpressed with the champions. Afterward, Thomas Gradin, who had two goals for Vancouver, summed up the attitude of his determined teammates when he said, "The Islanders will have to play a lot better than they did tonight for them to have a chance to win it."

Win or lose, Vancouver certainly has come far. Come boys, and have some grog. I'm what you call a Canuck. **END**



... Delorme TKO'd Mulvey in the fifth and ugliest game of the Black Hawk series.

It's the day after the NFL Pro Bowl and George Toma is standing on one of his canvases. This particular painting, commissioned by Pete Rozelle, covers the sun-washed floor of Aloha Stadium in the hills above Pearl Harbor, on the island of Oahu. While Toma watches, a dozen wiry Japanese-Americans jockey motorized brushes over his work and train powerful hoses on the artificial turf. Red paint laps at the soles of Toma's sneakers

The workmen are scrubbing off the conference logos that Toma stencils on all Pro Bowl and Super Bowl fields. Behind him, another member of the grounds crew is erasing the yard lines and hash marks. Outside, women are diligently sweeping the stadium parking

To prepare for motocross, Toma oversees the dumping of 10,000 tons of soil onto the floor of Arrowhead Stadium.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICH CLARKSON



Nitty Gritty Dirt Man

And grass and artificial turf man. George Toma is groundskeeper supreme of Kansas City and, increasingly, all America **by JOHN GARRITY**

lot—with *hand* brooms. Toma is in his element: surrounded by hard workers and perfectionists.

"Groundkeeping in many places has hit the bottom of the barrel," he says. "It's not like 20 or 30 years ago. A lot of ground crews *don't* have pride."

Why is that?

"A groundkeeper's dirt," says Toma, who invariably leaves the "s" out of his profession. "If someone in the front office needs a new typewriter, fine, but if the groundkeeper needs a new grass cutter, he can't get it. Until something happens!" He begins jabbing a forefinger in the air. "The owners have a doubleheader sold out and it's raining. They get jumpy. Suddenly they want to do *anything*. They'll rent a helicopter at $250 or $300 an hour to dry off the field! But they won't spend money on the sunny day for good drainage."

Toma stares at the paint swirling around his feet. "The groundkeeper," he repeats, "is the dirt of the organization."

The question is: What organization? This day Toma is wearing a Kansas City Chiefs sport shirt and a National Football League hat, but his regular paycheck is authorized by Ewing Kauffman, owner of the Kansas City Royals baseball club. Other franchises burdened with dead grass, rocky infields, bubbles in the carpet or standing water in the outfield rent his skills as an athletic turf troubleshooter. In fact, San Francisco Mayor Dianne Feinstein is trying to woo Toma to Bagdad by the Bay.

Toma is still basking in the glory of his late-season rescue of the Super Bowl champion San Francisco 49ers, who were trying to play football in Candlestick Park on grass that would have been perfect, if it had only had roots. Two weeks of record rainfall had caused disastrous mudslides in northern California. The 49ers' field was a sodden, sloppy mess when Toma arrived on the scene. "When I left San Francisco, the ground crew showered me with gifts," Toma says, beaming. "I got a plaque from the city. They called me the Sod God."

Something in that triumph has inspired wanderlust in the 53-year-old *turfmeister*. "People think I make a fortune, but there's no money in it," Toma says. "I'm not the highest paid groundkeeper in the major leagues."

He begins to walk upfield, his feet making squishing noises on the soggy Aloha Stadium turf. "I don't want to leave Kansas City, but I may have to."

He stops at midfield, where it is dry, and kneels down, probing in the turf with a penknife. A jagged hunk of molten metal pops out. The Pro Bowl's second half was delayed five minutes because of smoke bombs, which were exploded during the halftime show. Red and white plumes had billowed from canisters attached to floats. Toma and the grounds crew had rushed onto the field to minimize the damage from molten metal dripping from the canisters and burning through the carpet.

Now the metal has hardened into grapeshot. Every piece will have to be cut out; the carpet will have to be cleaned, glued and patched.

"I'm not knocking band directors," Toma says, "but more groundkeepers quit because of band directors than any other reason. They say, 'If I can't have my flaming baton twirlers, we won't play!' " The center of the field is covered

continued



When it rsins, the Royals' field crew, including Toms (wearing white csp), runs for cover.

with friction burns, black scars left by the searing heat of grinding shoes—the litmus test for football intensity. "We can tell how hard a game was fought," he says. In Kansas City, Toma's grounds crew endures as many as four days of tedious stoop labor after a football game, repairing similar burns with ammonia solution and a brush

"I'm dedicated to the Chiefs and Royals," Toma says. "I'm too dedicated, in a way. *I'll* stay that extra hour to make the field beautiful." He shakes his head. "I'm not bitching. If I'm unhappy, I should take off."

What would happen to the Chiefs and Royals, he is asked, if he did?

"They'll get the job done. I'm not indispensable." Toma starts walking again, looking back over his shoulder. "Maybe they'll need a few more men," he says, winking.

No matter what he may say, Toma isn't so much the dirt of the organization as he is an organizer of dirt.

Every spring, in Fort Myers, Fla., he gets down on his knees and molds Georgia clay and Jordan clay from Maryland with his bare hands into the best pitcher's mounds in the Grapefruit League. To Candlestick Park, in December, he brought five tons of Dialome (an absorbent and conditioner), 1,000 square yards of Hawaiian kikuyu grass from San Francisco's Kezar Stadium and 21 tons of Turface (another soil conditioner) from Mississippi and Georgia, by way of Texas, to fill holes punched in sod laid over an Enkamat (a water-permeable polyester support layer). For motocross, mud-a-thons and thunderous tractor pulls, he allows thousands of tons of soil to be dumped on the floor of Kansas City's Arrowhead Stadium.

"Toma's dirt was always dragged the best," says Oakland A's Coach Clete Boyer, who remembers old Municipal Stadium on Brooklyn Avenue in Kansas City from his days as a Yankee third baseman. "When we used to play there, you could barely see a footprint in the dirt." So enamored were ballplayers of Toma's infields that he often got requests for his recipe, a heady mixture of Marshall loam, calcinine clay and No. 8 blaster sand from Kansas' Kaw River. Toma says, "People used to call up and say, 'Hey, can you ship us a boxcar load of that dirt?' "

He never sent any. "It's not the dirt," Toma says, laughing. "It's the man who takes care of the dirt!"

Toma is best known, though, for growing grass. From 1958 till 1972, when it was abandoned for fancy twin stadiums east of town, Kansas City's Municipal Stadium, which Toma maintained in those days, was a turf mecca. Smokey Olsen, Toma's longtime assistant, recalls that for a while in 1965 the K.C. baseball field had a Bermuda grass outfield, bluegrass sidelines and a zoysia infield—the groundskeeper's equivalent of what famous pool player Steve Mizerak calls "just showing off." The story is told that former New York Jets Coach Weeb Ewbank surveyed the Municipal turf before one Saturday afternoon workout, announced, "This field looks too beautiful to practice on," and made his team work out on the sidelines. If the Jets *had* torn up the field, Toma says, fans the next day would never have known. "We could sod and play the game the same day and never have a piece come up."

Smoothing sliding areas is kind of a drag for Toma.



Toma insists that his turf "secrets" aren't secrets at all, even if they elude many professional groundskeepers. He pores over trade journals, always on the lookout for new techniques and new strains of grass. His face is familiar at turf management conferences, whether he's lecturing or auditing seminars by other experts. When grass won't grow the way he wants it to, Toma consults top agronomists from a dozen or more universities, specialists in pesticides, herbicides and soil management. "That's the trouble with groundkeepers today," he says. "They don't want to go to the agronomists for help."

It was an agronomist who years ago impressed on Toma the wisdom of the adage about not putting all your eggs in one basket. "I don't believe in one bluegrass," Toma says,

rattling off a list of strains with names like Touchdown, A-34 and Merit. "One may get leaf spot, another may get rust, one may get dollar spot. We always have half a dozen bluegrasses at the Chiefs' practice field. If one gets sick, you don't even know it."

Similarly, when Toma repairs or "overseeds" a field, he routinely uses several fine-leaf rye grasses. "I think of rye grass as our relief pitcher," he says. "The Candlestick thing wouldn't have happened if they'd brought in their relief pitcher." Not one rye grass, of course. Toma sows a minimum of two on a single field, though he *likes* to use four or five. On the Chiefs' practice field, which gets punishing use in all kinds of weather, he often throws rye-grass seed out in the middle of the field before practice. He calls this technique "cleating in." "The players are your equipment," he says. "They push the seed into the field with their cleats."

Another Toma trademark is his ability to cover bare ground with healthy turf in less than a week without sodding. To do this, he relies on a phenomenon called pregermination. Toma's men take 55-gallon barrels and drill half a dozen pencil-point holes in them about half an inch from the bottom, filling the holes with screws or wooden plugs. They then fill the barrels to within six inches of the top with grass seed, pour in water to the rim and stir well. The crew changes the water twice a day, pulling the plugs to let the old water drain off ("It looks like rye whiskey," Toma says) and refilling.

After three or four days of this, any unwanted acids and chemicals have been drained off and little white roots are beginning to push out of the seeds, days, even weeks, sooner than they would out of seeds planted in the ground.

The night before seeding, Toma's crew drains off the water and empties the pregerminated seed on a concrete floor to dry. The next morning, they mix it with an organic fertilizer called Milorganite, which is actually treated sewage from Milwaukee that's marketed by that city's sewage commission. "The Milorganite makes the mixture dry enough to put down with a spreader," Toma says.

At Municipal Stadium, Toma used pregermination to facilitate the annual autumn conversion from baseball's skin infield to football's grass; he would seed on the final Sunday of the season, going to work on the infield while baseball fans were still streaming out of the stadium. The grounds crew would cut down the pitching mound, scarify the infield with a homemade nail drag and apply the pregerminated grass seed with a spreader. "Maybe we'd be there till midnight to get it all done," Toma remembers, "but by Friday we'd be mowing it already. No dirt. No mud. Firm ground and green grass."

Toma resorted to pregermination to salvage Pasadena's Rose Bowl for Super Bowl XIV on Jan. 20, 1980. Fifty percent of the grass had been smothered under decorative paint applied for the Rose Bowl game on New Year's Day, and Toma had to dethatch the dead turf and groove it to allow the new seed to make contact with the soil. There were only 12 days to Super Bowl Sunday when Toma spread his 1,500 pounds of pregerminated Derby rye seed, but it rained heavily and he says the grounds crew had to mow three times before the game was played.

Why more groundskeepers don't pregerminate baffles Toma, who insists that the technique is within reach of even amateurs. "What I would do," Toma says, "is take a pound of seed to a pint of water, put it in a plastic bag, shake it up and then put it in the refrigerator." If the kids don't eat it, the bag will come out a week later with little white roots beginning to show from the seeds. "Scratch up the dirt," Toma advises, "mix the seed with a little fertilizer or sand and put it on the bare spots. The biggest mistake the homeowner makes is that he fertilizes the wrong time of year. It's O.K. to throw a little on in the spring, but you do the real fertilizing job in the fall."

Not that Toma claims to be all that expert on home lawns; after all, he has little time to devote to his own yard in Westwood, Kans., where he lives with his wife Donna. Like the hotel chef whose recipes call for 20 pounds of butter and eight dozen eggs, Toma thinks big and he experiments. "It's hard to tell people how to grow grass," he says, "because we're unorthodox. Sometimes we go against the book." He recalls his embarrassment several years ago when a television crew showed up outside his house and began filming his grass. "My lawn is an experimental station," he says, trying to explain a front yard that the newseaster rated as only fair and a backyard that was downright shabby.

Bill Veeck, in semi-retirement in Chicago, considers the idea of Toma mending a worn carpet and actually groans. "Ball parks should smell like ball parks," Veeck says, "and that's the smell of new-cut grass." When the grass-loving Veeck bought his last club, the Chicago White Sox, in 1975, one of his first acts was to "tear out that phony artificial turf infield" at White Sox Park. He wishes the Royals would follow his example. "Artificial turf makes it impossible for people to appreciate what George can do with grass," Veeck says. "Somehow you don't pay the same due to a guy who has trouble getting gum off an infield or squeegeeing the water away."

It was Veeck who gave Toma his start as a groundskeeper. When Veeck bought the Cleveland Indians in 1946, he traveled to Pennsylvania to reorganize the Wilkes-Barre Barons, a Cleveland farm

continued



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club, handing out assignments like an army staff sergeant. Stanley Scheckler, the Barons' groundskeeper, became the team's trainer and bus driver, and Veeck assigned groundskeeping to the tiny youngster—Toma stands 5' 5"—with a Ukrainian name who pulled the drag around the infield for Scheckler. When asked why he put an inexperienced kid of 17 in charge of what he describes as "seed and sand and sun and showers," Veeck can only offer mystically, "Because he was a magical man."

Toma was amazed. "I didn't know bluegrass from rye grass," he says.

He wasn't in the dark for long. The Cleveland groundskeeper was the legendary Emil Bossard, whom Toma remembers with a mixture of affection and awe. "He was the greatest," Toma says. "I looked up to Emil." Toma followed his mentor to Driver, Va. in 1948 to build diamonds for two Cleveland farm teams. In 1949 they built three fields in Marianna, Fla., and in 1950 they built five on the site of an old naval air station in Daytona Beach, Fla., knocking down the barracks with bulldozers. "Emil seeded those five outfields by hand with a bucket, like Johnny Appleseed," Toma says, "and there's not a machine on the market today that could put it down and make it come up better." It was Bossard who taught Toma that the secret to a good infield lay in painstaking handwork, not in tractor-drawn drags.

For more than a decade (interrupted by a stint with the artillery in Korea), Toma was a minor league groundskeeper, kicking around in the Cleveland and Detroit organizations, tending fields in Buffalo and Charleston, W. Va. It wasn't glamorous work. "When you're a groundkeeper in the minors," he says, "you're almost alone." Toma had to clear litter from under the bleachers, clean the dugouts and dust the press box. For some clubs he ran the hall and strike lights on the scoreboard, and in Wilkes-Barre he even pitched batting practice to young prospects like Rocky Colavito.

Ted Williams, meanwhile, was hitting baseballs over fences in the major leagues. Williams believes he was the one responsible for Toma's getting the Kansas City groundskeeper's job.

"I went to the park one day and I'm just sitting down in the stands and the groundskeeper came up," Williams recalls. "I said, 'You know what you ought to do with that batter's box? You ought to put a little more clay in there. Put a little more clay in there so a guy can dig his spikes in and they really hold.'

"We had this little discussion, and sure enough, I got in the batter's box that night and, geez, it was good. I hit two home runs!" Williams says that when Lou Boudreau, the A's manager, found out what had happened he was furious.

Whether Williams' two home runs created the Kansas City groundskeeping opening isn't documented, but in August 1957 Toma was offered the job. He remembers going straight to the press box in Charleston and calling up Bossard for advice.

Toma has never forgotten Bossard's words: "He said, 'Don't go, George. Stay out of Kansas City!' He said it was one of the hardest places in the United States to grow grass. 'They don't have any drainage. They don't have any good soil. In the spring, the rains flood you out. In the summer, it's too hot.' "

Because Toma had an attractive offer from the New York Yankees—a one-year contract to groom the field of their Denver farm club followed, he says, by a promised promotion to Yankee Stadium—he intended to heed Bossard's advice. But Toma stopped off in Kansas City on the way to Denver, and he was mesmerized by what he found there. "It was a rockpile," he says of the old park. "A hayfield." The day of his visit, raindrops plunked drearily on a mottled sea of mud and crabgrass. "I thought, 'This park is so bad and Yankee Stadium is pretty nice. Maybe I can mess up Yankee Stadium, but no way can I mess up this place!' "

He opened the 1958 season with a respectable crop of bluegrass, but as the spring progressed, Bossard's warning took on an aura of prophecy. The bluegrass wouldn't grow.

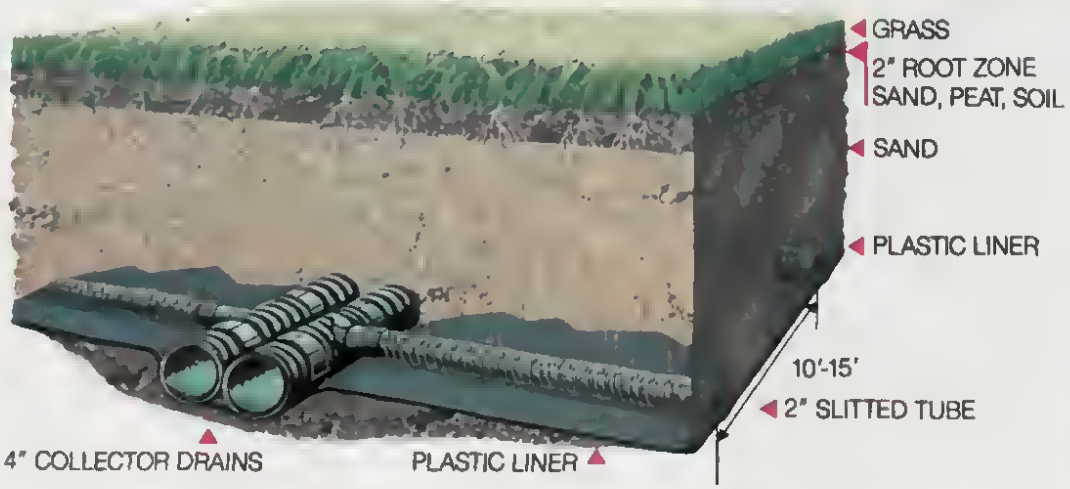
Having failed with bluegrass, Toma decided to gamble on Bermuda. He seeded, and it began to rain. And it rained some more.

It rained, in fact, for two weeks, and the grass caught an algae disease. "The whole field died," Toma says. The man who thought he couldn't mess up Municipal Stadium had turned it into a bowl of shredded wheat. "The writers and announcers were really on me," he says. "They wanted to run me out of town."

continued

PAT SYSTEM / CUTAWAY SECTION

ILLUSTRATION BY DONALD MOSS



In place of artificial turf, Toma favors a sand-concept field, such as the patented PAT system shown above.

DIRT MAN *continued*

At that point Dr. James Watson, an agronomist with a grass and equipment firm, who was the stadium's regular consultant, suggested a new approach with the Bermuda. "He's the guy who really saved me," Toma acknowledges. "If it hadn't been for Dr. Watson, there'd be no George Toma." Under Watson's guidance, Toma reseeded and within two weeks, according to Toma, "that field looked like an oasis in the desert." He cut the Bermuda to half an inch and dragged the infield with obsessive care. "I don't think we had a bad hop all year," Toma says with pride. "We had a pool table outfield and a pool table infield."

And when Williams came to town and asked for more clay in the batter's box, what did Toma give him? "Pure sand," Toma says with a grin.

If pressed to name the ideal owner, from the point of view of groundskeeping, Toma chooses neither Kauffman of the Royals nor Lamar Hunt of the Chiefs, but, of all people, Charles O. Finley, his boss with the Kansas City A's. "In Kansas City I'm a son of a bitch for saying that," Toma says. "People hate his ass. But he was one of the greatest guys I ever worked for. If it rained and the kids busted their fannies, Charlie said, 'Hey, double their salary today!' When they were laid off at the end of the season, he had an extra week's pay for the kids. The ground crew loved the guy."

Toma's crews at Municipal Stadium were youngsters who grew up in the shaduw of the ball park, students from Lincoln and Central high schools. "The kids were from the ghetto," Toma says, "but they had pride. We always had to do with the least amount of money. We would go through the stands and pick up popcorn boxes. We'd salvage broken seats. Then we'd go down to Cohen's junkyard at 19th and Vine and sell the seats. We'd sell the cardboard from the popcorn boxes. Then we'd take the money to the Rudy Patrick Seed Company to buy grass seed. Rye grass was $9 for a 100-pound bag." Sometimes, Toma says, he dipped into his own pocket. "Instead of taking my wife to dinner, it went for grass seed."

With a big game coming up and rain in the forecast, Toma's kids would sleep at the park, ready to cover the field with a tarp when thundershowers hit. "I don't think you'll find that anymore," Toma says, shaking his head. "Finley would say, 'Take the kids to Bryant's Barbeque and tell Arthur Bryant to send me the bill.' Maybe Finley was an s.o.b., but he treated us great. He put a little sparkle and pride intu the people who worked on the grass."

Finley also encouraged Toma to be devious with the field, to employ all the little tricks of partisan groundskeeping that Bossard had pioneered in Cleveland. Toma calls it "groundkeeping by deceit."

"Toma was the master," says Oakland A's Manager Billy Martin. "If the Kansas City third baseman couldn't field, the grass in front of him was slanted to make balls go foul. If the fielders were slow, the grass was grown higher. If the pitcher threw a sinker, a little extra hosing in front of the plate was helpful. If the other team could run, he'd pour sand around first base." To Martin, "artist" inadequately describes Toma. "He's more a doctor than an artist," Martin says.

Surprisingly, when the A's moved to Oakland in 1968, Toma stayed behind in Kansas City, serving Finley only as a consultant. (He calls the Oakland Coliseum an "Allied Maintenance-type operation"—Toma-ese for "nobody gives a damn.") "I gave up a good financial life to stay in Kansas City," he says, "but I like living here."

The move to the synthetic-surfaced Truman Sports Complex in 1972 deprived Toma of a showcase, but it didn't stifle his growth as a sports-turf specialist. He maintains a 10,000-square-foot sand-concept experimental plot near the Arrowhead practice field, and he plays with every patch of natural turf allotted to him. At Royals Stadium, for instance, the bullpens are natural grass. The right-field bullpen is currently Derby rye mixed with zoysia, the rye grass providing color in the spring and fall, when zoysia is dormant. The leftfield bullpen serves as a trial plot for Hound Dog, a new tall fescue Toma is testing. The fescues are a versatile grass that Toma likes for high school athletic fields; the new fine-leaf strains combine durability with the fine appearance of lawn grasses.



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"We experiment a lot," he says. On his bulletin boards, he maintains whole-year calendars, on which he keeps daily records for every field—every seeding, every watering, every application of chemicals, plus a daily weather record. And not the *weather* bureau's weather, either, but Royals Stadium weather, taken from his own gauges in the bullpen. A groundskeeper, Toma insists, isn't just a guy who cuts grass. "He's a *doctor*, when the grass gets sick. He's a *pharmacist*, preparing chemicals. He's a *dietician*, prescribing the right food, adding minerals like iron and zinc. We're half-assed *mechanics*. We're *weathermen*—we've got to know when to water, when not to water. We're *teachers*."

Toma is often asked which he would recommend to a stadium contemplating a change—artificial turf or old-fashioned natural grass—and his answer is a surprising neither. Toma favors the new sand-concept fields. "It's the wave of the future," he says, citing start-up costs of less than half the $1 million he estimates it costs to put in a new artificial turf field. "That money can be gathering interest in the bank," he says.

The best known sand-concept field is Prescription Athletic Turf, developed by Dr. William Daniel at Purdue University. A version of PAT is installed at Miami's Orange Bowl, and an outfit called Southern Turf Nurseries in Tifton, Ga. offers both PAT and several similar systems of its own. The sand concept is essentially a refinement of the drainage system golf course architects specify for under greens. A sheet of plastic is laid on the graded field, followed by a network of perforated plastic tubes which collect water and carry it away. For the Orange Bowl, a six-inch layer of peat gravel was poured over the tubes, and then 12 inches of "special" sand—"Sand is not sand," Toma explains—was put down. Finally sod was rolled out over this base.

The stratigraphy of synthetic turf is comparable—a level of drainage, six inches of blacktop, a layer of foam rubber and a carpet on top—except that, according to Toma, "Six years later you have to rip it up and replace it for $600,000, minimum. You could put a sand-concept surface right on top of the existing field, carpet and all.

"I'm in no way anti artificial turf," Toma adds, but he complains that synthetic turf salesmen will sometimes exaggerate the disadvantages of grass and misrepresent artificial turf as "maintenance-free." For example, the Royals' "gamesaver"—the squeegee-like water remover Toma has to pull with a tractor—ties up more than $30,000 worth of capital and doesn't really *dry* the field, but just leaves it squishy, like any carpet that has been soaked in a flood. "When they say you can play in a downpour, that's baloney," he says with a snort. "It takes an hour and a half to push the water off the field. If it were a sand-concept field, you wouldn't have to wait more than 10 minutes. All we'd have to do is fold the tarp up."

In his office at icebound Arrowhead Stadium one day in February, Jack Steadman, the Chiefs' president, extolled his groundskeeper's talents, saying, "George knows more about grass than anybody in the world. I could call him in and say, 'George, I want grass in two lanes on I-70'—and he'd have grass in two lanes on I-70. But he's overprotective of his fields.

"The thing I've tried to impress on George over the years is that the reason we have fields is to *play* on them. To play on, put concerts on and do the other things we have to do. They are *used*. George has a difficult time with that because he gets so personally involved in the work that he wears himself out."

It is February 9. Toma is leaving Kansas City the next morning for Florida to begin the vernal ritual of building pitcher's mounds for spring training. He happily enumerates the outrages that will greet him there: hard infields, shaggy grass, pitted mounds. "I dread going to Fort Myers," he says. "All the infields are bad in Florida. The people down there don't give a damn. You hurt their feelings when you say that, but what good is spring training if the ball won't go through the infield?"

To make things right, the master himself will get down again on hands and knees and mold that clay and soil into the ultimate in pitcher's mounds. He will soon have that outfield grass cut so low that Willie Wilson's shoes will just whistle over the tips of each blade when he runs in the outfield, and the batter's box will be as comfortable as an old shoe.

The challenge of San Francisco still beckons. "I wish I could take a year's leave of absence," he says. "I think I could turn that field from the worst to the best." Recalling how Mayor Feinstein had braved a downpour to tour Candlestick Park with him, Toma says, "I got a lot of respect for her. She came out in hip boots and looked at the situation." It is that kind of commitment, he suggests, that turns miracles. "They said grass wouldn't grow in San Francisco that time of year, but in four weeks in the nursery we had roots down four inches!"

He chuckles. "I'm in Kansas City, but my heart and my mind are in Frisco." George Toma looks wistful. "Sometimes, I guess, the grass looks greener on the other side of the fence." **END**



In his element at the Chiefs' practice field, Toma exercises his enviable green thumb.

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The Bounding Barrister

Attorney-to-be Willie Banks seems to defy the law—of gravity, that is—whenever he essays a triple jump **by ANITA VERSCHOTH**

Here he comes, the Leaping Lawyer, the Bounding Barrister! Meet the future mayor of Oceanside, the future governor of California . . . maybe the future President of the U.S. Not long ago it was suggested to Georgia Banks, Willie Banks's mother, that he run for city councilman. "But he's still in law school!" she protested. Nevertheless, there are plenty of folks in Oceanside telling 26-year-old William Augustus Banks III, "If you ever run for anything, you have my vote." Banks, who's completing his second year at UCLA law school, certainly wants to try for some office—*but at the proper time.* BANKS FOR PRESIDENT—*does* have a nice ring. BANK ON WILLIE—there's a readymade bumper sticker most candidates would kill for.

At present, however, Banks is campaigning on behalf of his sport. So if this guy is so charismatic, you ask, how come one has to be a hard-core track nut to recognize his name? Well, Banks happens to be the indoor world-record holder in the *triple jump*, an *event* that's about as carefully followed by the general population as speed crocheting. Indeed, until he decided to do something about it, Banks knew that when he toed the line the eyes of the crowd would be almost inevitably on someone else; if he heard cheers, he would look around to see what was going on, because they surely wouldn't be for him.

When the triple jump happened to be the last event to finish at a meet, as it was at the The Athletics Congress championships in Sacramento last June, Banks looked at a great vista of empty bleachers, occasionally saved from being totally vacant by a handful of "hop, step and jump" faithful, most of them apparently sitting on their hands. "I'm an emotional jumper," he said. "Why are they so quiet? I need noise!" Still, at the TACs, he improved his American outdoor record twice, to 56′ 11¼″ and 57′ 7½″. Both marks were second only to the world rec-

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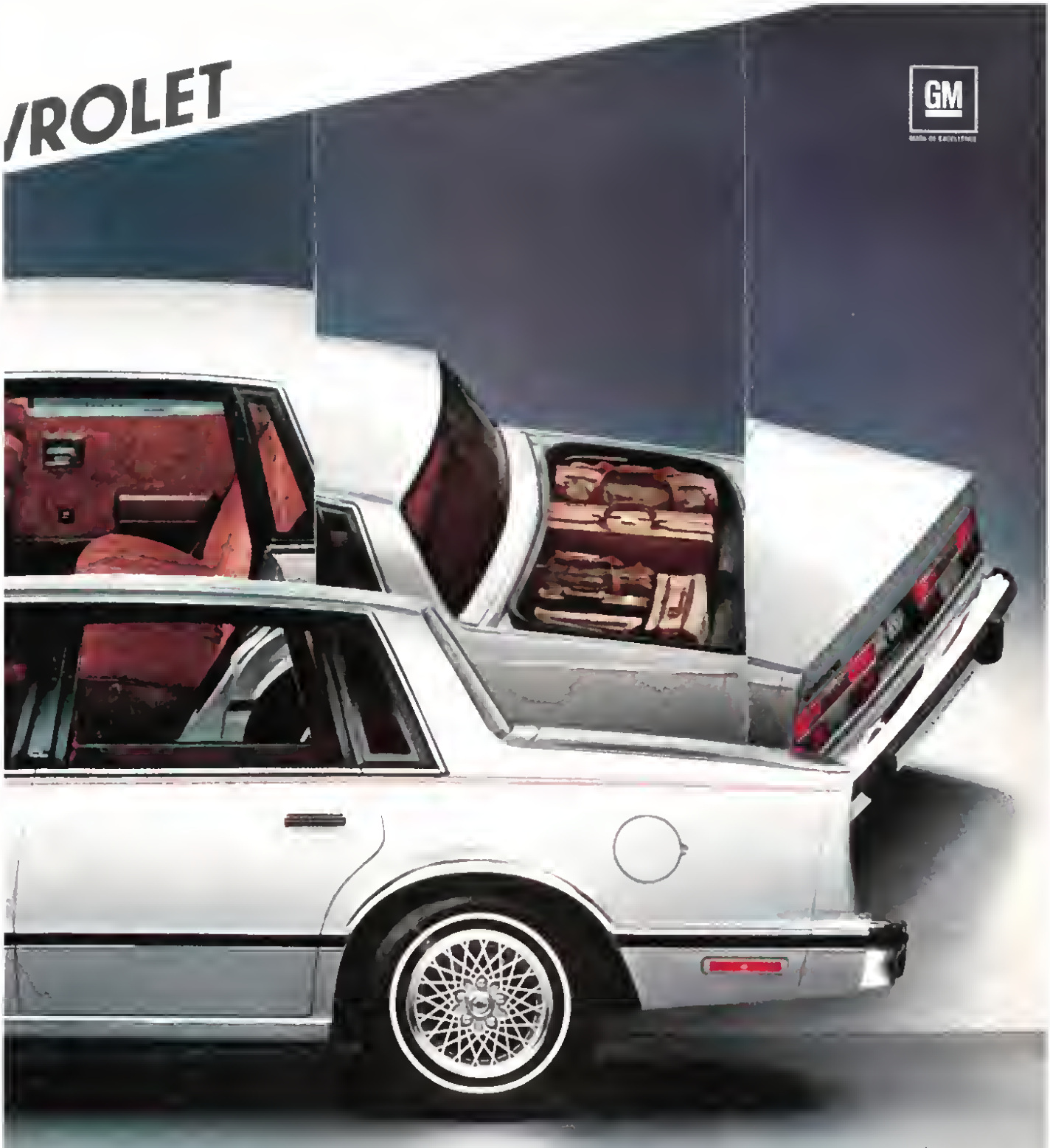
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ord of 58′ 8¼″ that João Oliveira of Brazil set in 1975 at the 7,200-foot altitude of Mexico City. And as if to show that the denser air at low-lying Sacramento didn't faze him, Banks flung his body out to 58′ 7″ on his last try—a foul by a mere couple of inches.

So to get the emotional jolt he wants—nay, needs—Banks has taken to traveling with his own noise. In the spring of 1980 he was roller-skating in Los Angeles with former national triple-jump champion Milan Tiff when he heard this electrifying tune pumping out of the loudspeaker. It was *Knee Deep* by a group called Funkadelic, and right away Banks was inspired, was skating *so smoooooth*. "I'm not into funk," he says, "but this music made me do some awfully tricky moves." Now when Banks waits for his turn at the top of the runway, he holds a pocket-size tape player in his hands, listening through lightweight earphones as the Funkadelic leans into *Something about* the Music and then into a guitar instrumental going on and on and on. The music churns Banks's adrenaline until he can't stand it anymore, and just as the Funkadelic gets to *Ants in the Pants and a Knee to Dance*, he drops his earphones and recorder and starts his run-in.

Last summer in Scandinavia he had a hard time talking meet promoters into scheduling the triple jump. "It's just not a very exciting event," they told him before the Dagens Nyheter meet in Stockholm in early July, but they reluctantly agreed to give it a try. Banks talked to his fellow jumpers in the Olympic Stadium. "Guys, let's make the triple jump the most exciting event," he said. "Let's all do a PR." They looked at him. "Crazy," someone muttered.

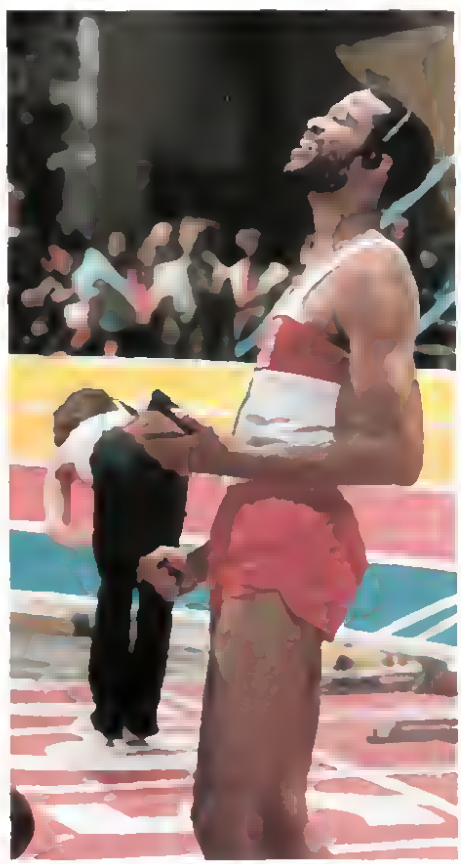
"I watched a few of them jump," says Banks, "and I must admit it was all very dull." He decided to put on a show. Listening to *Knee Deep*, he began to stretch, move, dance. "I did an older dance called the Gigolo," he says. He noticed that a few spectators were looking his way. But when he got to the top of the runway ready to jump, the crowd was watching a race. Banks turned to the grandstands and started clapping. He got a polite response. After his first effort of 55′ 3½″, which put him in the lead, a few people clapped again. "Thank you, thank you!" Banks shouted. Then he danced some more, bending and twisting his 6′ 3″, 175-pound body, and when he took off his sweats before his next attempt, there was another trickle of applause from the section nearest him. This time he landed only 10 centimeters short of the stadium record, and when this feat was applauded, Banks again thanked his few fans profusely. Then he darted over in front of an adjacent section and yelled, "What's the matter with *you*?" He soon had a whole side of the stadium clapping for him. His fifth jump, of 56′ 10¾″, bettered the stadium record, and from then on the crowd was in his pocket.

Before his turn came for his sixth and final attempt, he jogged a lap, a *victory* lap, and in every section of the 25,000-seat stadium he passed, fans were clapping and shouting. Right after he finished his lap, the 800 meters began, but now the whole stadium was watching *him*—not the race—and cheering. He was so fired up, he flew 57′ 7″—only ½″ off his American record. "I was carried by their cheers," he says. Spectators bolted from their seats and ran over to hug and congratulate him. It was something that had never happened in the triple jump before. After that, no European promoter dared tell Banks that his wasn't a very exciting event.

And Banks's act has played as well in Melbourne as in Stockholm. Early this year he participated in six meets in New Zealand and Australia. "In Auckland," he says, "they even played the Funkadelic on the loudspeaker, and the whole stadium was clapping to the beat."

Before the Jack-In-The-Box Invitational indoor meet in San Diego last February, Banks was on every local TV station promoting his event. "When I go down the runway," he told the viewers, "I *need* noise, I *need* applause, I *need* your attention. If you want a world record, all you have to do is ask for it." But as he rode to the San Diego Sports Arena in a taxi, he realized he had forgotten to bring his Funkadelic tape. He was dropped at a record store, where he searched for the cassette. No luck. What was he to do? Then he remembered that in Australia he had been in a TV spot, running with a bunch of children to the tune of The Rolling Stones' *Start Me Up*, and that he had liked the song. Banks found a Stones' tape with the song on it, ran across the street to the Sports Arena and began to stretch to the sound of Mick Jagger attempting to swallow a microphone. "The music was so good," he says, "I told a couple of friends that I felt like setting a world record that night." The crowd, psyched by Banks's TV appeals and his warmup act, didn't let him down. Nor he them—he set his indoor world mark of 57′ 1½″.

The triple jump is a bruising event. When Banks got to Lausanne a week after his Stockholm triumph last summer, he was hurting. In Lausanne, he and his teammate Mike Marlow, who was also injured, decided to cool it and compete in the long jump, which seems like a light workout to a triple jumper. Before the competition, Banks had to have acupuncture to ease the pain in his sore right ankle, and when he got to the track, one needle was still stick-



Nowadays Banks always listens before he leaps.

continued



Sgt. Banks made sure Willie toed the line; Georgia saw that the kids had a good time.

ing in his right ear so that the treatment would last through the meet. His first leaps were around 23 feet, a distance that was surpassed by several other jumpers. There were shouts of "Willie, come on!" from the crowd, which had heard of his triple-jump performance of the previous week. Banks shouted to the fans, "All right! But I'm going to need some help." They started cheering lustily. He jumped 26′ 7¼″ that day, the best of his life by almost eight inches. His triumphal tour ended the following week when he pulled his right hamstring warming up at the World University Games in Bucharest. "That was just God saying, 'Take it easy,' " he says. "I needed a rest."

The rest cost Banks dearly. When he got to the World Cup in Rome in September, his leg had healed enough to allow him to compete in the triple again, but he had missed too much training and had lost a lot of muscle mass. Worse yet, while he was warming up, a dour official took his earphones away, and Banks was bereft of his music. The fans nearest the pit kept cheering, but, says Banks, "I was trying so hard and nothing would come to me." He came in third, with 55′ 11″; Oliveira, whose career would be ended when he injured his right leg in an automobile accident four months later, won at 57 feet. But Banks had made his mark with the crowd, and it was he who had brought sudden attention to the triple.

Banks got into triple-jumping when Oceanside High included the event in its program in 1973, his junior year at the school. He had been a high and long jumper and a hurdler, but young Willie was always eager to try something new. Oceanside's track coach, Ken Barnes, was still learning about those strange kangaroo leaps of the triple from books and films when he had to double the length of the long jump pit, because Banks was popping 44-foot triples right off the bat. He had quickly learned how to "hop" on his right leg for the first part of the triple and land stretched way out in the third-part, the "jump," but like all novice triple jumpers, he was having difficulty mastering the middle part, the "step," where he had to bound first off his right leg and then his left. In this crucial part of the triple, Banks was too short. He consulted Bill Christopher, a retired lieutenant colonel and geography teacher at Oceanside who had been a triple jumper at a Baton Rouge high school back in the '30s when Louisiana was about the only state where the hop, step and jump, as the triple was then called, was contested. "The triple jump consists of three *equal* parts, Christopher told Banks. "You have to have a steady rhythm—*tom, tom, tom*, not *tom, tatom*."

Banks also wasn't above gleaning a lesson from a rival. At the Oceanside-Vista dual meet that year, he studied Al McClure, a Vista senior and the favorite to win the event. He saw that McClure went nine feet in the step phase, while Banks had never gone more than four or five "So *that's* how you do it," he told McClure's coach, Jim Downs, and then he simply added three feet to his step and won with a 48-foot jump.

In both his junior and senior years, Banks was California high school champion in the event, setting state meet records of 49′ 7¼″ and then 50′ 7″. "We won almost all the relay titles because of Willie," says Barnes. "You could count on him winning three events. In his senior year he became San Diego County champion in the high hurdles, the long jump and the triple jump, all in *one day*."

"I recruited Willie for two years," says UCLA Track Coach Jim Bush. Little did Bush know that Banks had decided in elementary school that he would go to UCLA. That was when he got a gleaming blue-and-gold UCLA button at the Orange County Fair and pinned it to the wall in his bedroom.

Georgia Banks, a big, bustling woman needed her irrepressible sense of humor in raising determined young Willie and his four brothers and sisters, but she was up to the job. Georgia's husband, William Augustus Banks II, who served in the Marine Corps until 1973 and saw duty in Korea and Vietnam, was forced to leave much of the children's education to her. Even now, he spends weekdays working as a personnel accountant at Norton Air Force Base in San Bernardino and is free to visit his family only over weekends.

Still, the photograph of Gunnery Sergeant Banks in the den of the family's comfortable home, showing a dignified man in uniform, decorated with eight of the 13 medals he has been awarded, serves as a constant reminder that the sergeant expected as much from his children as his wife did. Both could point to examples of excellence in their families: Georgia's uncle, William McKinley Battle, known simply as Uncle Mac, was the only black lawyer in Kinston, N.C. When he died in 1963, he left all his books to 7-year-old Willie. Willie's grandfather, William Augustus Banks Sr., had been a minister and poet in Chattanooga.

When Sgt. Banks was home, he was

continued

"I couldn't live without her, so I gave her a big incentive to stick around."



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the disciplinarian, reminding his children that they wouldn't succeed in life without putting in what he most believed in — hard work. "His word was the law," says Willie. "Everybody feared him. From my father I learned to work, to discipline myself, to have self-confidence. I think I got my direction from my mother. My parents didn't have a lot of money, but they made all these opportunities available to us. I grabbed every opportunity. I didn't want to miss out on anything. I was probably the luckiest kid in the family."

Through the years the Banks family lived on various Marine bases in California. Georgia made sure her children were exposed to whatever opportunities each new post presented. "Mother can't swim," she says. "Therefore, every one of my kids had to learn to swim so they could save me." They also learned to ride horses, play golf, ice-skate and ski. "Often we were the only black people doing these things," Georgia says. She played football with them during the day and read to them at night.

Willie began to read when he was four. He won his first trophy—in a rodeo barrel race—at seven. He made eagle scout at 13. But as Georgia puts it, he was also "the cryingest baby you ever saw." In elementary school, if he missed a question in a test, he cried. He couldn't accept a B or a C. The teachers told Georgia to take Willie to a psychiatrist. "There's nothing wrong with him," said the doctor. "Every parent would like to have a child like that."

Banks got involved in school politics at Oceanside High. He was president of his freshman class, vice-president of his sophomore class and vice-president of the Associated Student Body as a junior and senior.

In 1973 Downs and Bob Larsen, who then coached at Grossmont College in El Cajon, Calif., took an all-star track team of 40 teen-agers on a five-week trip to Finland and Sweden. Even though Banks was one of the youngest members of the group, he was picked as its spokesman. "He made the speeches," says Downs. "We always introduced him as the future mayor of Oceanside. He would come on like a junior George Jessel."

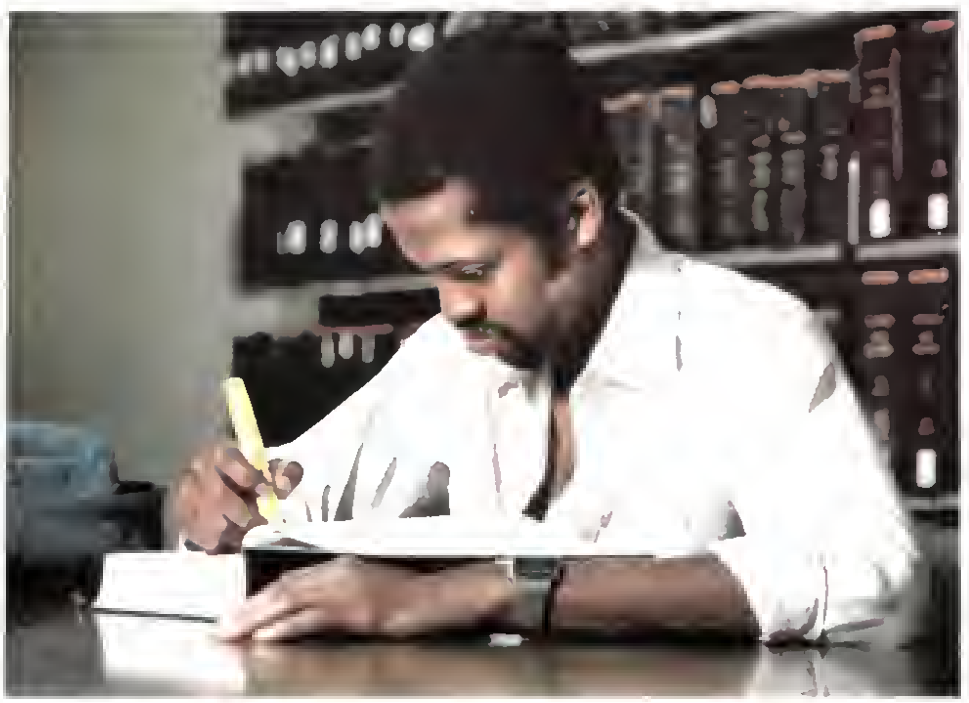
At UCLA Banks majored in political science, and he pursued a master's in urban studies on a Coro Fellowship, awarded to outstanding student leaders. His master's is pending because he's still working on his thesis, entitled "Redevelopment in Montebello," which deals with the renewal of the section of East L.A. of that name.

Georgia says that Willie has long wanted to become President of the U.S., but recently he has been reevaluating that goal. "Most youngsters are impressed by the power of the President," he says. "As I grew older, I started to analyze what the presidency was. I want to help as many people as I can, and the job of the President isn't designed to help people on a one-on-one basis. I'm into that. I want to go out to people and talk to them like I'm a person and not a mystical supreme being."

Banks may have chosen UCLA because it has an outstanding political science department, but it happens that the school also has a reputation for turning out some of the best triple jumpers in the country, most notably Tiff and James Butts, another former American record-holder. Banks served notice that he was eager to carry on that tradition in the UCLA-USC dual meet of his freshman year, 1975. He still recalls it as his most thrilling moment in sport. According to the dopesheets, Banks figured to finish fourth in the long jump and third in the triple. The day before the meet he had told Maxie Parks, the anchor man on the mile relay, which is usually the last event of a college meet, "Just once I'd like to be you and be the guy who clinches a meet." The next day Banks was the surprise winner in the long jump, and the triple jump lasted so much longer than usual that the outcome of the meet did indeed depend on Banks's last attempt. Parks walked up to Banks, who stood third in the competition after the first five jumps, and said, "You always wanted to be me. Here's your chance." Banks leaped 55' 1", two feet farther than he ever had before, which was good enough to win the event, give UCLA the team championship, earn a ride off the field on the shoulders of his teammates and set 15,000 fans in UCLA's Drake Stadium to cheering a triple jumper, probably for the first time in their lives. It was a preview of what Banks would be able to do for his event worldwide a few years later.

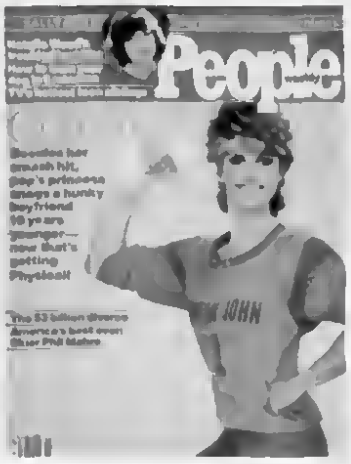
Banks now works out with Bruin seniors Chip Benson and Dokie Williams, who are both coached by Larsen, who has moved from Grossmont to UCLA. "I don't coach Willie," says Larsen. "On the contrary, he helps me." The three jumpers do special drills together, bounding from the top of one wooden box to the ground, then to the next box.

continued



Banks, who's in the books with a world indoor record 57' 1½", hits the law school books

WHO'S SINGING?



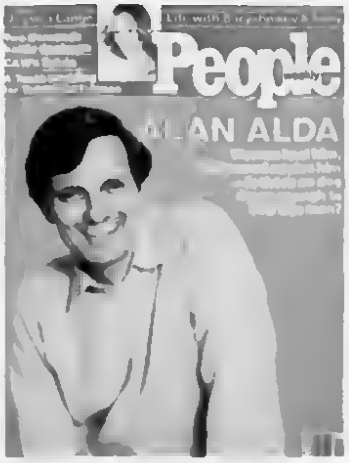
WHAT'S NEW?



WHERE'S SHE HEADING?



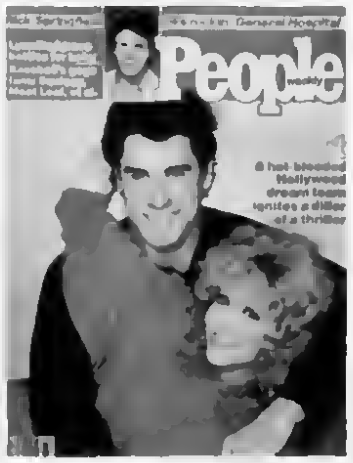
WHAT'S HE SAYING?



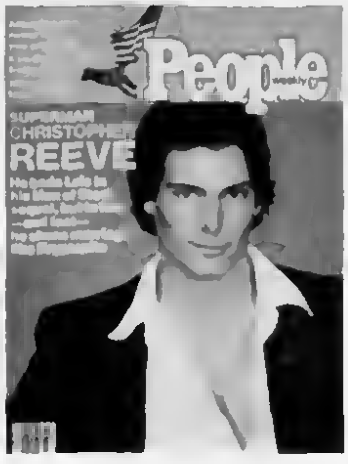
WHO'S SWINGING?



WHO'S SMILING?



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WHO'S NEWS?



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Having learned to stretch out in the step phase of the triple jump (below), Banks thinks he's capable of the first 60-footer.



"There are days when Chip and I don't feel like doing the boxes," says Williams, "but Willie always gets us going. He'll just grab me by the ear and drag me out there, and often those turn out to be my best days. He'll always go first and attack the boxes, and then he'll tell us what it's like to be floating on air. And he'll say, 'There it is! Sixty feet!' "

It would take a 21-foot hop, an 18-foot step and a 21-foot jump to get to the 60-foot mark, and many believe that Banks will be the first to get there. He now touches down at 19, 18 and 20 feet when he jumps 57, and he knows that he will have to improve his speed down the runway and carry the added velocity all the way to his jackknife landing.

Since Banks started setting American records last year—one indoors and five outdoors so far—it has been rumored that his success is the result of a secret Tiff passed on to him. Tiff, who is 32 years old and a well-received surrealistic painter, is regarded as something of a triple-jumping guru. In the spring of 1980 he began working with Banks because, as he told him, "You just don't know how to triple-jump." From Tiff, Banks picked up a significant change in his hop phase. Instead of cocking the knee of his right—or lead—leg throughout the hop, the classic position, he stretches both legs as straight out as he can, performing almost a split in midair, reaching for a greater distance. It's pure ballet. Ron Livers, another Tiff disciple, uses the same technique.

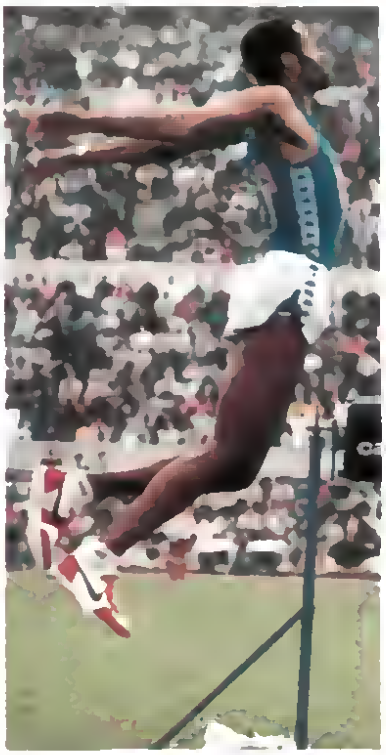
Banks also adopted Tiff's philosophy that triple-jumping is an art form, a dance rather than an athletic event. "I think of it as a single movement," he says. "I'm swinging. It's not like I'm touching down at all." Tiff, who is an intense conversationalist, spent long hours talking to Banks. Banks, Tiff said, could jump so far that people wouldn't believe their eyes. He would jump with horses and they would hold each other up in the air. "He likes to say things that are on the edge of reality," says Banks. "Finally, the businessman in me took over, and I realized that you cannot spend so much time talking." He had a falling-out with Tiff and Livers over the Olympic boycott. Tiff and Livers decided that all three of them should stay away from the Olympic Trials because they were a futile exercise. Banks disagreed and went on to win there.

When Tiff is asked about the secret that he's said to have passed on to Banks, he speaks elliptically of his former disciple—"I have jumped 60 feet in the privacy of myself. For those who have seen me do it, it is impossible to explain. Sixty feet is painful. It turns you into a completely different human being. I taught Willie to prepare himself for that."

But for Banks 60 feet will just be another opportunity to grab. "It's not going to be impossible to explain," he says. "It's not going to come as a great shock to the world. I'll be jumping in the 58s first, then 59s, then 60. It'll be just a logical progression."

As for the secret, Banks is still looking. After he watched Mikhail Baryshnikov perform his "helicopter" on TV, he wrote Baryshnikov and suggested an exchange of training methods. "If I could hold my position in the air for as long as he does, I know I could go 60 feet," says Banks, who's still awaiting a reply.

First in line, however, is the goal of surpassing Oliveira's world record. The secret to that, Banks feels, isn't so much high altitude as the following ingredients: an inspiring competition ("like Dokie and Chip—they always turn me on"), a partisan crowd ("including my family, all fired up to help me"), a hot afternoon, a favorite pit. All those elements will be there next Sunday at the Pepsi Invitational at UCLA—plus the taped inspiration of Funkadelic. It would be wise to tune in. **END**



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Not enough hurrahs for Harrah

Toby Harrah has got good wood and bad on the ball, but few cheers in Cleveland

by Bruce Anderson



Cleveland Third Baseman Toby Harrah attributes much of his success at the plate this season to a 20-foot fall he took on, honest Injun, a Friday the 13th before spring training in 1981. Harrah was painting the outside of his two-story house in Fort Worth when the ladder slid out from under him and he tumbled onto a brick porch. The results: sprained wrists, bruised kneecaps and elbows, splattered paint, bucket on head.

Last season, when Harrah got off to another of his notoriously slow starts, his injuries gave him a good excuse. But after having fully recuperated during the strike he came back and batted .330 in the so-called second season, though without much power. Now the 33-year-old Harrah is off to the best start of his 12-year major league career. At the end of last week he was batting .370 and he ranked in the top four in the American League in runs (26), homers (seven) and slugging (.640).

"When I fell last year, I really banged myself up, so the rest during the strike helped me," Harrah says. "But when I returned I still didn't have my strength back. After the season ended I tried to build myself up by swinging the lead bat—Ted Williams has always been real big on swinging the lead bat—and I started working out on the Nautilus a little. And I got stronger than I'd ever been."

You might even say Harrah has worked his way back up the ladder. Through Sunday he had hit in every game but one this season, though one single won't show up in the books. Against Seattle on April 27, he slapped a first-inning hit to left off Floyd Bannister. As Harrah stood on first, Home Plate Umpire Terry Cooney fielded Harrah's bat, a Louisville Slugger C243 that features a thin handle and a big barrel. Cooney was suspicious, because he thought the bat had made a funny noise when it hit the ball. He tapped the handle on the ground and—what's this?—the thin end fell off about an inch up from the knob. After a brief consultation, crew chief Bill Kunkel called Harrah out and ejected him for tampering with the bat.

Now Harrah flew off the handle. He stormed the Indian dugout and threw another bat onto the field. "Hey," he yelled, "if that bat's no good, take this one, too." It too had a detachable handle. Harrah later explained that he had broken the 34½-inch C243 he had used in the first 14 games and, lacking any other bat of that length, decided to replace it with a sawed-off 35-inch model. "I told a clubhouse man, 'Just shorten a couple of my bats about half an inch so I can use one in a game,' " he says. Harrah, who now has a supply of legal 34½-inch lumber, hit safely in his next 10 games.

Harrah was born in Sissonville, W. Va. on Oct. 26, 1948. "My mother named me Colbert Dale," he says. "My grandmother didn't like it and nicknamed me Toby, and I've been Toby ever since." In 1966 the Phillies signed him as a second baseman, though he says, "I wasn't even sure I wanted to go to spring training. I had a girl friend at home. My high school coach told me, 'Go down there and give it all you've got for one month and, if after that you want to come home, come home.' I went, and I've been playing ever since."

Harrah was picked up by the Senators after one year in the Phils' organization, and in 1971 he jumped from Class AA to the majors, becoming Washington's starting shortstop at the tender age of 22. The next year the Senators moved to Texas. Every season thereafter the Rangers seemed to pose the same shortstop question: Toby or not Toby? But Harrah always held his job, becoming a three-time All-Star.

Harrah hit only 13 homers in his first three major league seasons, but as he grew more confident, more aggressive and stronger, bulking up from 160 to 180 pounds, he began pulling the ball. From 1974 to '79 he averaged nearly 20 home runs a season, and in 1976 he was a real rarity: a shortstop who batted cleanup. He lost that distinction the next season after the Rangers signed Bert Campan-

eris as a free agent and Harrah agreed to play third.

Despite his exceptional play for the Rangers, Harrah didn't find life in Texas all that pleasant, mainly because he felt he was being asked to shoulder all the blame when the Rangers lost, which in 1976 was fairly often. "Every day you could just open the paper and read about how bad Toby was," says Indian First Baseman Mike Hargrove, Harrah's teammate in Texas. "The treatment he received from the press was terrible."

Harrah, who still holds five Texas career batting records, was traded after the '78 season to the Indians for their third baseman, Buddy Bell. Unfortunately, some of the writers and fans he found in Cleveland weren't much kinder than the ones he had left behind; they felt it was the Indians' worst deal since Cleveland sent popular slugger Rocky Colavito to Detroit for Harvey Kuenn in 1960. "I think it hurt Toby," Indian Centerfielder Rick Manning says. "The fans didn't appreciate him, particularly when Texas came to town. He wasn't relaxed."

The specter of Bell lingers still. Harrah homered in Cleveland's 1982 Opening Day 8–3 loss to Texas. Bell homered twice. The following day there were pictures of and stories on Bell in the Cleveland papers. After Harrah went 3 for 4 with four RBIs in the Indians' second game, he snapped at writers, "Buddy would have had six RBIs."

It's true that Bell may be the finest defensive third baseman in the game and that the fans may sometimes be right when they hoot "Buddy would've had it" when a ball gets by Harrah. But Harrah gives Cleveland power and speed his predecessor doesn't have.

"Toby Harrah, in my opinion, handles the bat as well as any man in either league," Indian Manager Dave Garcia says. Harrah says his bat control stems from his days as a scrawny shortstop when he learned to bunt, slap the ball to right and hit and run, because those were things expected of a shortstop.

Harrah now bats second in the Cleveland lineup, a position that makes use of his unselfishness and batting versatility. "I have seen a runner start for second and then Toby hit the ball through the hole left by the breaking fielder," Hargrove says. "And on the next at bat he may hook a pitch that's two inches outside for a home run."

"He's a complete ballplayer," says Oakland Manager Billy Martin, Harrah's boss for parts of three seasons at Texas. "He's a real battler. He wouldn't have been traded if I'd been there."

When Harrah was there he was called Rowdy Harrah. One year he and a whole posse of Rangers sought revenge on that noted clubhouse prankster, Gaylord Perry. As Perry emerged from the showers after the last game of the season, Harrah and his co-conspirators tackled him, bound him with athletic tape—and left.

But Harrah is deadly earnest about baseball. "Toby would be a great major league manager," Manning says, "except he wouldn't accept all the politics that go with the job." True, Harrah, who would like a college coaching job someday, is polite, but not politic. His fiery temperament seems to exude from the bristles of his trim reddish-brown beard and the strands of his strawberry-blond hair.

Hargrove says that Harrah is "emotional" and "high-strung." Sometimes he "pouts," Garcia says. "I've told him time and time again that if he could be up for every game he'd be in the Hall of Fame."

"Baseball is an emotional game," Harrah says. For stability, he turns to his wife, Jan. "That's J-a-n," he says. "Don't confuse her with Pam, my first wife, or Pam might sue me. She's already sued me for everything else I have."

Toby and Jan are in the process of fixing up their 19th century Fort Worth home, aiming to restore it to its onetime elegance. It's a big house with columns, the centerpiece of their 40-acre spread. As part of the restoration Harrah is still painting, though one lucky tumble is about all a guy could ask for.

THE WEEK

(May 3-9)

by HERM WEISKOPF

AL EAST When his sinker isn't sinking, Bob Stanley of the Red Sox (5–2) is sunk. Stanley, who early in the season struggled to stay afloat, has been so effective recently that during his last 21⅓ innings he has allowed only one run.

Another outstanding performance out of the bullpen was turned in by Ross Grimsley of the Orioles (3–3), who pitched 7⅓ innings of shutout ball. A seven-run ninth made Grimsley a 9–2 winner in California. Relievers Dave Rozema and Elias Sosa of Detroit (2–3) combined for 5⅓ shutout innings as Detroit beat the Rangers 4–3 and 6–4. Three scoreless innings each by Joey McLaughlin and Roy Lee Jackson of Toronto (3–2) sealed victories over Kansas City. Reliever Jim Slaton of the Brewers (5–2) allowed only one run in 12 innings while winning two games and saving another.

Two of the division's players underwent surgery last week. Cleveland's Bert Blyleven had an operation on torn muscle tissue in his right arm and is through for the season. New York's Doyle Alexander had a minor operation on his right pinkie, which he broke when he punched a dugout wall after pitching poorly. The Indians (4–2) hit seven doubles while beating the Angels 6–5 and amassed 34 hits as they defeated the A's 15–6 and 14–2. Owner George Steinbrenner continued to shake up the Yankees (2–4), trading Dave Revering and minor league infielder Jeff Reynolds to the Blue Jays for John Mayberry.

BOS 20–9 MIL 16–10 DET 16–12 CLEV 12–14 TOR 12–15 NY 11–18 BALT 10–18

AL WEST "If and when we ever break this thing [a 12-game losing streak], I'm going to celebrate by doing what I've been doing every night of the streak," said Manager Don Zimmer of the Rangers (1–5). "I'll go home, have a bowl of Puffed Rice—on this diet I can't even have Rice Krispies—with bananas and Sweet 'n Low, and go to bed." That night Zimmer sent Doc Medich, who had a 12.46 ERA, against Boston. Although the Red Sox reached Medich for 10 hits and got two more off Reliever Danny Darwin, they couldn't score. Bobby Johnson of Texas, who hadn't had a hit in six at bats before that night, homered in the fifth for an improbable 1–0 victory.

Conversely, Chicago (5–0) made winning seem almost easy. Relievers had three saves and a win, and Reliever-turned-Starter Lamarr Hoyt ran his record to 6–0 by beating Detroit 8–5 as Jim Morrison homered twice, Greg Luzinski once and former Tiger Ron LeFlore stole three bases. That was one of three three-homer games by the White Sox, who moved into first place, percentage points in front of California (3–3). Don Aase picked up a win and a save for the Angels, whose attack sputtered until Don Baylor had four RBIs during a 7–2 defeat of the Orioles.

A puny offense also beat the Twins (1–6), who didn't score more than three runs in any game. Three runs, though, were enough for Roger Erickson, who with relief aid from Doug Corbett held off Boston 3–2.

Oakland starting pitchers went the route 58% of the time last season, but this year they have completed only 36% of their games. Last week the A's (3–3) had just one route-going performance, by Matt Keough, who despite giving up seven hits and seven walks, throwing a wild pitch and making two errors was a 5–2 winner in New York.

continued

After the Mariners (3–3) celebrated Gaylord Perry's 300th victory with traditional locker-room high jinks (*page 26*), they took out their frustrations over a 9–4 loss to New York on the ballpark and its furnishings. Jim Beattie, who gave up eight hits and seven walks that night, slammed a broom handle through a wall in the walkway next to the dugout. Richie Zisk pounded a garbage can with his bat the way he wished he'd hit balls in the clutch. And Mike Stanton, who was tagged for four hits in the ninth inning, reduced his clubhouse stool to kindling. Seattle scored three runs in the last two innings to topple Baltimore 4–3, it was the 10th time this season that the Mariners had come from behind to win.

"I'm tired of it," said Reliever Dan Quisenberry of the Royals (2–4), referring to the way the Brewers had pounded him for 27 hits in 13⅓ innings over the last three seasons. Last week Quiz had the answers, and during 6⅓ innings in two outings against Milwaukee he yielded only three hits while gaining his eighth save and first victory. Jamie Quirk went 4 for 4 in one game against the Brewers, making him a .448 hitter against Milwaukee since it traded him in 1978. Fourteen Kansas City players have missed a game or more because of injuries. The latest casualties were U.L. Washington (on the disabled list with a back injury), Amos Otis (pulled leg muscle), Larry Gura (sprained ankle) and George Brett (12 stitches in his left knee).

CHI 17–9 CAL 19–11 OAK 16–14 KC 14–13
SEA 14–17 MINN 10–21 TEX 7–18

NL WEST

At the start of the week, Dusty Baker of Los Angeles (5–1) couldn't take it anymore; by the end of the week, opposing pitchers couldn't take Baker anymore. After he went 0 for 6 on Monday, Baker stormed into the clubhouse, ripped the nameplate off his locker and smashed his director's-type chair to smithereens. The next night, Baker broke out of his 0-for-14 slump with two hits, including a single in the last of the ninth that made Fernando Valenzuela a 2–1 victor over New York. Then it was on to Olympic Stadium in Montreal, where Baker had never hit a home run. In two games there he homered three times and drove in nine runs.

In a showdown between division leaders, a three-run double in the 10th carried the Braves (3–3) past the Cardinals 6–3. Although he lasted only 5⅓ innings against the Pirates, that stint was long enough for Phil Niekro to get a single, a double, two RBIs and his first victory of the season. Bob Horner spiced his .524 hitting with three home runs.

"I'm going to get this next guy [Kiko Garcia of the Astros] out and then have a beer. Does that sound all right?" That's what Tom Seaver of the Reds (2–3) asked Pitching Coach Bill Fischer, who had come to the mound in the seventh after Seaver's lead had been pared to 3–1 by two hits. Fischer gave the go-ahead to Seaver, who got Garcia on a groundout to end the inning. Seaver then had his brew and savored his first triumph of the season. Tom Hume sewed up that 5–2 win by working the final two innings. Mario Soto needed no assistance, he fanned 11 Pirates, yielded only five hits and won 5–0.

Chili Davis and Jack Clark twice helped the Giants (2–4) overcome 3–0 Met leads and go on to win 5–3 and 8–3. Both had two RBIs in each outing. Davis a two-run double in the ninth to settle the 5–3 game.

"We're starting to press a little," said Manager Dick Williams of the Padres (2–4), who were starting to lose a lot. Since an 11-game winning streak was broken on April 28, San Diego has dropped seven of 11.

There were also furrowed brows in Houston (1–4). Nolan Ryan, who had an 8–1 career record against the Cubs, was battered for nine runs in 2⅔ innings. That left Ryan 2–5 for the season, with a 6.92 ERA. Further concern was caused by opposing base stealers, who have been safe on 24 of their last 26 tries and on 35 of 45 overall. Not even Phil Garner's .474 hitting could lift the Astros.

ATL 20–8 SD 16–11 LA 16–13
SF 13–16 CIN 12–16 HOUS 12–18

NL EAST

In what amounted to a semi-historic week for him, George Hendrick of the Cardinals (4–2) hit three home runs (nothing unusual) and spoke up (very unusual) at a dinner given for the team by a group of St. Louis sportsmen known as The Knights of the Cauliflower Ear. Hendrick, who rarely talks when the media are around, surprised the Knights, teammates and the press when he spoke up after being teased by teammate Gene Tenace. "It takes 25 guys to make a winner," was one of his more scintillating remarks. That was his polite way of downplaying the team's 2–7 record when he has been out with a bum right elbow and its 17–4 record when he has been able to play. As Hendrick indicated, others have helped put the Cardinals in first place. Doug Bair won twice in relief, Bruce Sutter picked up his ninth and 10th saves, and Lonnie Smith batted .500.

Keith Moreland of the Cubs (3–3), who like Smith was traded by the Phils during the off-season, batted .435 and had 10 RBIs. That left Moreland leading the league with a .382 average and second with 27 RBIs. During a 12–6 drubbing of Houston, he singled, slugged his seventh and eighth homers and drove across seven runs. Pitcher Dickie Noles, another Philly castoff, won his fourth, defeating the Astros 3–2.

Philadelphia (5–1) hasn't been left destitute, however. Mike Schmidt walloped a two-out, three-run homer in the bottom of the ninth to finish off San Diego 5–2. Steve Carlton also hit a three-run drive, helping himself defeat the Giants 9–4. And George Vukovich, who recalled that he had a beard when he was hitting well late last season, started growing a new one. Vukovich then went 8 for 15 and drove in nine runs.

The Pirates (4–2) were becoming Bowie Kuhn fans. Pittsburgh Third Baseman Bill Madlock even suggested that the commissioner should get thank-you cards from the Bucs for having shot down a trade late last season that would have sent Jason Thompson to the Yankees. Thompson's .550 week and six RBIs put him second in the league with a .381 average and first with 28 runs batted in.

A two-run single in the 12th by Hubie Brooks enabled the Mets (3–3) to defeat the Dodgers 6–3. Then it was on to San Francisco, where Dave Kingman's 10th home run and Neil Allen's seventh save contributed to a 3–2 triumph.

In an effort to perk up the offense, the Expos (1–5) moved Tim Raines from leftfield to second base and put Terry Francona in left. (The odd man out was Rodney Scott, who was hitting .200 when given his release.) In the first game they both started, Raines had three hits and Francona two, but Montreal still lost to Los Angeles 10–8. Another loser was Pitcher Bill Lee, who was fined and put on waivers after he protested Scott's dismissal and left the park during a game.

ST.L 19–11 MONT 12–13 NY 14–15
PHIL 12–15 PITT 12–14 CHI 11–18

BALL PARK FIGURES

Thirty-one pitchers have lost 200 or more major league games. Here are the top 10 losers plus those lower in the rankings who are still active:

		Losses	Wins
1.	Cy Young	313	511
2.	Pud Galvin	309	361
3.	Walter Johnson	279	416
4.	Jack Powell	254	247
5.	Eppa Rixey	251	266
6.	Robin Roberts	245	286
	Warren Spahn	245	363
8.	Early Wynn	244	300
9.	Gaylord Perry	241	300
10.	Gus Weyhing	234	264
	Jim Kaat	234	279
18.	Phil Niekro	216	241
30.	Ferguson Jenkins	205	266

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

BOB STANLEY: The Boston reliever pitched 12⅔ innings against Minnesota and Texas, allowed eight hits and no runs, struck out six batters and surrendered one walk while gaining two wins and a save.

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No shuck, no jive and no letting up

By romping at the Tournament of Champions, Ivan Lendl left no doubt as to who's No. 1

by Barry McDermott

If you like winning, you've got to love Ivan Lendl. Skip the personality and just tabulate the tournament victories. Tennis is a results game—the stock market of sports, with Top 10s and computerized rankings—and this blue chipper keeps moving higher and higher. With nary a shuck or a jive, a snarl or a gross-out but with all kinds of bludgeoning tennis, Lendl already has taken home more than a million dollars in prize money this year.

True, he has yet to win the U.S. Open, the French or Wimbledon, and until he does, followers of the game won't crown him champion. But with Bjorn Borg all muddled up and John McEnroe complaining alternately of aches in his ankle and pains in his psyche, Lendl no longer is a contender. He's No. 1 in the world. Book it.

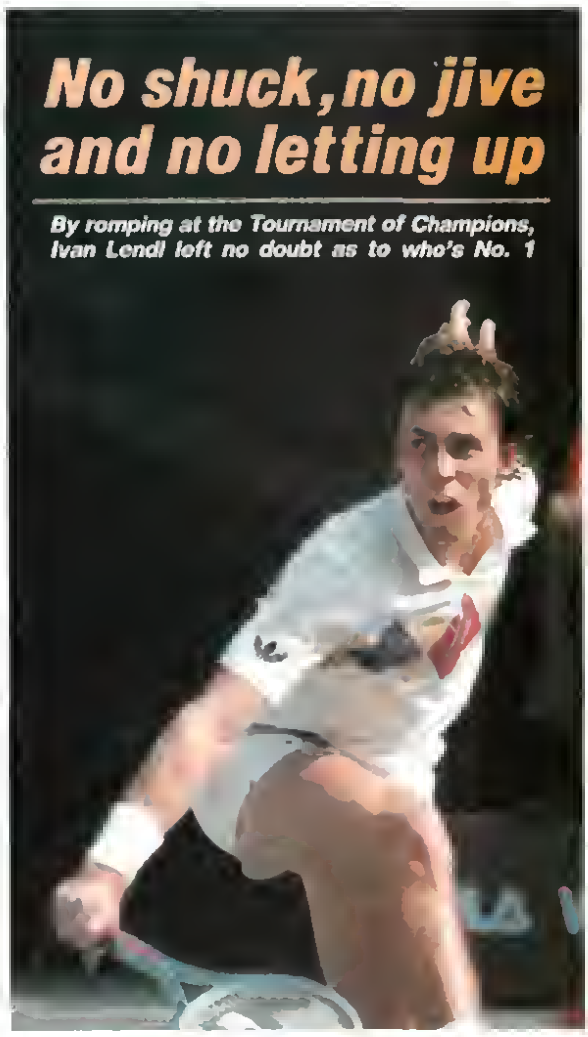
Just how prepotent he is was underscored on the Har-Tru courts at last week's WCT Tournament of Champions at Forest Hills. There Lendl dominated the opposition the way Julius Caesar did back when Big Julie had his winning streak against the Gauls. It was *veni, vidi, vici*, and off Lendl would go to play golf or tour the Connecticut countryside with his current Cleopatra, the demure and blonde Taryn Smith of Dallas.

Finally, on Sunday, Lendl gave unto himself what everybody already figured was rightfully his: By blitzing the seasoned street fighter and defending champion, Eddie Dibbs, 6–1, 6–1, Lendl won the $100,000 first-place check as well as a fur coat for his mother, Olga, back home in Czechoslovakia. Lendl had wanted to make short work of Dibbs. "Let's make it quick," he had told a WCT official before the 1 p.m. match. "I have a three o'clock tee-off time." And Lendl was right on schedule. After losing the match's first game, he ran off the next 11 "playing like a maniac," as Dibbs would say later.

Besides the check and the coat, Lendl also collected $288,250 in WCT bonus money, his payout for running roughshod over the WCT circuit this year. With his Tournament of Champions victory, Lendl had won 89 of 92 matches since Vitas Gerulaitis beat him at the U.S. Open last September. Over that span he had made the finals of all 18 tournaments he had entered. His only losses had been to Yannick Noah in Palm Springs and a resurgent Guillermo Vilas in Monte Carlo and Madrid.

Furthermore, because Lendl has been winning on different surfaces, indoors and out, in a bunch of time zones and in tournaments where every top player was entered, his hot streak has to be regarded as perhaps the hottest ever. "He just seems able to overpower people," says McEnroe. "Maybe that's why he's able to win more consecutive matches than I did when I was hot."

When you're hot, you're hot; when you're not, you're not. At Forest Hills McEnroe spent nearly as much time explaining what was wrong as Lendl did talking about what was right. The press was most interested in Mac's tender left ankle, which he hurt during a practice session in Brussels almost two months ago. "It's worse than he lets on," says his friend and fellow pro, Peter Rennert.



Then there was the subject of tennis burnout, also called Borg's song. McEnroe lately has seemed listless on the court, only a shadow of his usual contentious self. In losing 7–6, 6–3 in the semifinals to Dibbs last week, he sprayed 36 unforced errors around the stadium. McEnroe's friends say, "Mac's head's not in it" right now, meaning that with a bum ankle and misplaced motivation he has no taste for the fight.

Still, according to the ATP computer, McEnroe technically remains No. 1. The reason is that the computer factors in results from the past 12 months and doesn't include events on the black sheep WCT tour. But two weeks ago in Dallas, after Lendl had beaten him in four sets in the championship match of the WCT Finals, even McEnroe admitted the obvious: Lendl is playing the best tennis, no

continued


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matter what the ATP's software says.

Certainly none of Lendl's victims at the Tournament of Champions would give McEnroe an argument. Mel Purcell, the country waif who lost 6–2, 6–2 to Lendl in the quarterfinals last week, summed up what it was like to face him by saying, "He makes you want to go home." The day before, Lendl defeated Peru's Hans Gildemeister 6–2, 6–0 in only 40 minutes. During the second set, Pablo Arraya, also of Peru, took pity on Gildemeister and sent an oversized racquet to the court. Gildemeister accepted it and smiled, like a condemned man offered a blindfold. Lendl played the next game without humor, bouncing overheads into the stands, ripping serves, clipping lines. Afterward he said, "I don't like to lose points, much less games."

Lendl's killer attitude is reminiscent of the Jimmy Connors of the early '70s, when Jimbo came out fearing nobody and blew everybody off the court. In his six matches at Forest Hills, Lendl lost a total of only *21* games. On the rare occasions that he missed a shot, he showed no emotion. He just whirled around and headed back to the baseline, as if to say, "You'll pay for that one."

No two rivals could be more dissimilar than McEnroe and Lendl. Mac normally is a powder keg on the court—rebel without a pause—but he has little taste for practice. Last week he went through the motions during workouts, grimacing, moaning, slamming balls into the fence, a man seemingly in agony. Lendl is the stoic when wielding his racquet—a stiff, metal composite weapon that its manufacturer, Adidas, doesn't sell to the public. Practicing, Lendl is a horse who doesn't need a jockey. When a reporter asked him at Forest Hills whether he had decided to play Wimbledon, Lendl said he would "guarantee" it if he were assured five hours' practice daily on the grass at the nearby New Zealand Club. One of Lendl's many objections to the tournament is that it allows players to work out there only a half hour a day. During the Tournament of Champions Lendl drilled with his close friend Wojtek Fibak at a club near Fibak's home in Greenwich, Conn.

McEnroe and Lendl also generate quite different types of publicity, which probably accounts for Lendl's slow acceptance by the public. Whereas McEnroe's press conferences often spark headlines, Lendl is ever cautious with the media. This colloquy last week was typical:

"Are you Number One?"

"I don't answer."

"Do you expect to win tomorrow?"

"We shall see."

"Whom would you like to play in the finals?"

"Whoever is the winner."

Shrug. Raised eyebrows. End of press conference. Then it was a quick retreat to the parking lot, with Taryn Smith strolling alongside through the autograph seekers. Almost before the paint recording his last victory was dry on the scoreboard, the two of them were on their way to Greenwich in his Mercedes.

Lendl even has reduced to a simmer the most controversial episode of his career: the ATP's recommended $10,000 fine and indefinite suspension from the union two weeks ago because he pulled out of the World Team Cup in Düsseldorf, an ATP-sanctioned event, to play the Tournament of Champions. "I know nothing about it," Lendl kept saying early last week, meaning he hadn't been formally notified of the ATP's prospective penalties. By the time he had, on Friday, by letter, the press had tired of asking him about the matter. What the dispute came down to was money. If Lendl had skipped Forest Hills, he would have had to forfeit his $288,250 bonus. When that was made clear to him, he had little difficulty deciding in which tournament he would compete.

Lendl's only challenge last week came in the semifinals against Jose-Luis Clerc, who last summer won four straight tournaments on clay, beating Lendl in two of them. But since then Lendl has developed the confidence to hit hard whenever the situation warrants. On Saturday, with a 3–2 lead in the first set, Lendl escaped a break point when Clerc hit a careless backhand wide. Lendl followed with an ace. Boom! Then a wicked forehand winner. Bam! Turnaround and a 4–2 lead. The umpire could have called out: "Game, set, match."

As Clerc, the world's No. 5 player, walked away from a 6–2, 7–5 defeat and a second set in which he had rallied to 5–5, to win only two points the rest of the way, he was asked to describe the Lendl method. He grimaced.

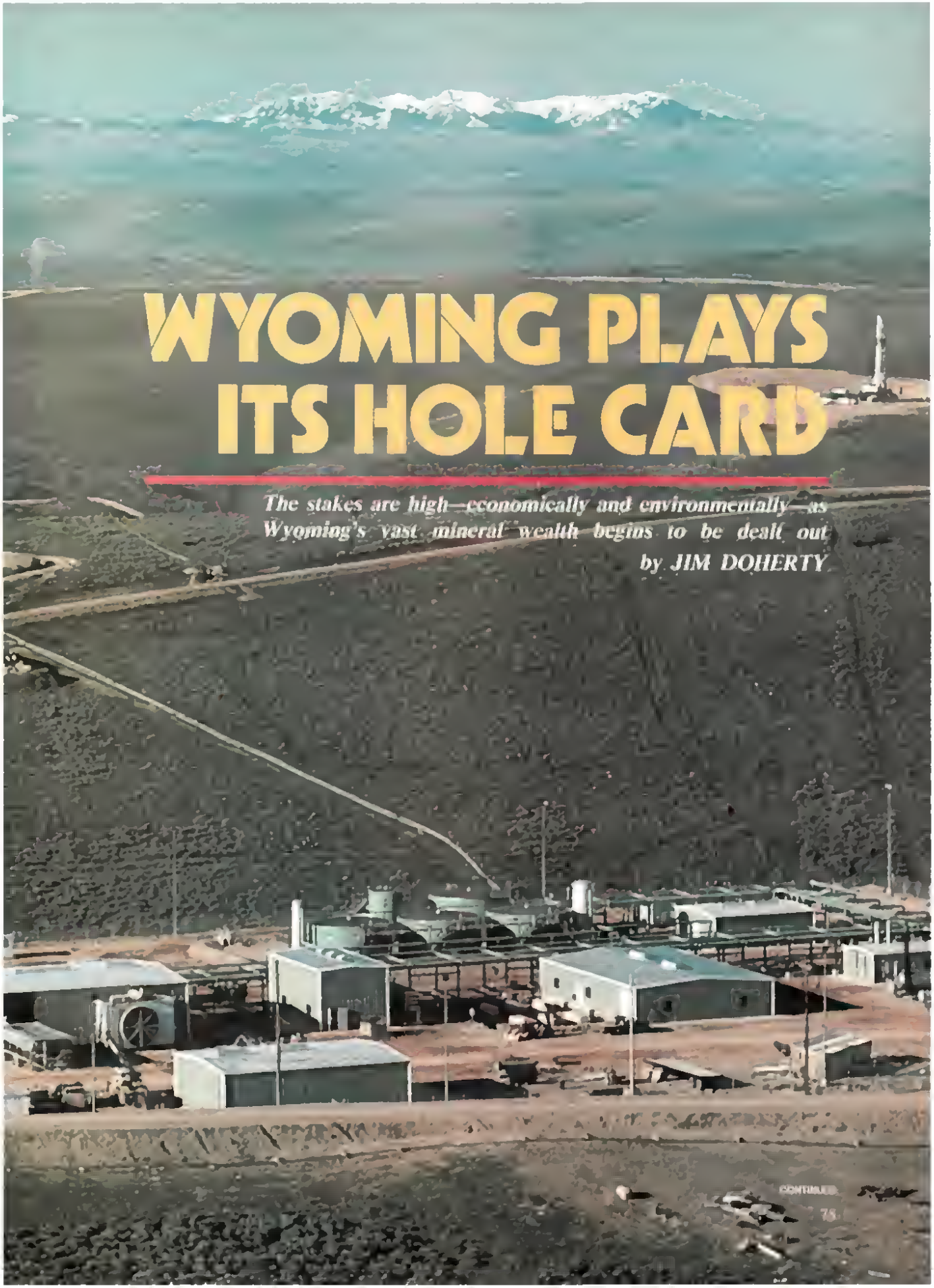
"You close your eyes," said Clerc. "You hit the ball so hard, and you win." It sounded simple. No shuck, no jive, just results—and already more than a million in the bank. **END**



Eddie (above) hed dibs on a spot in the finals after upsetting a listless McEnroe.





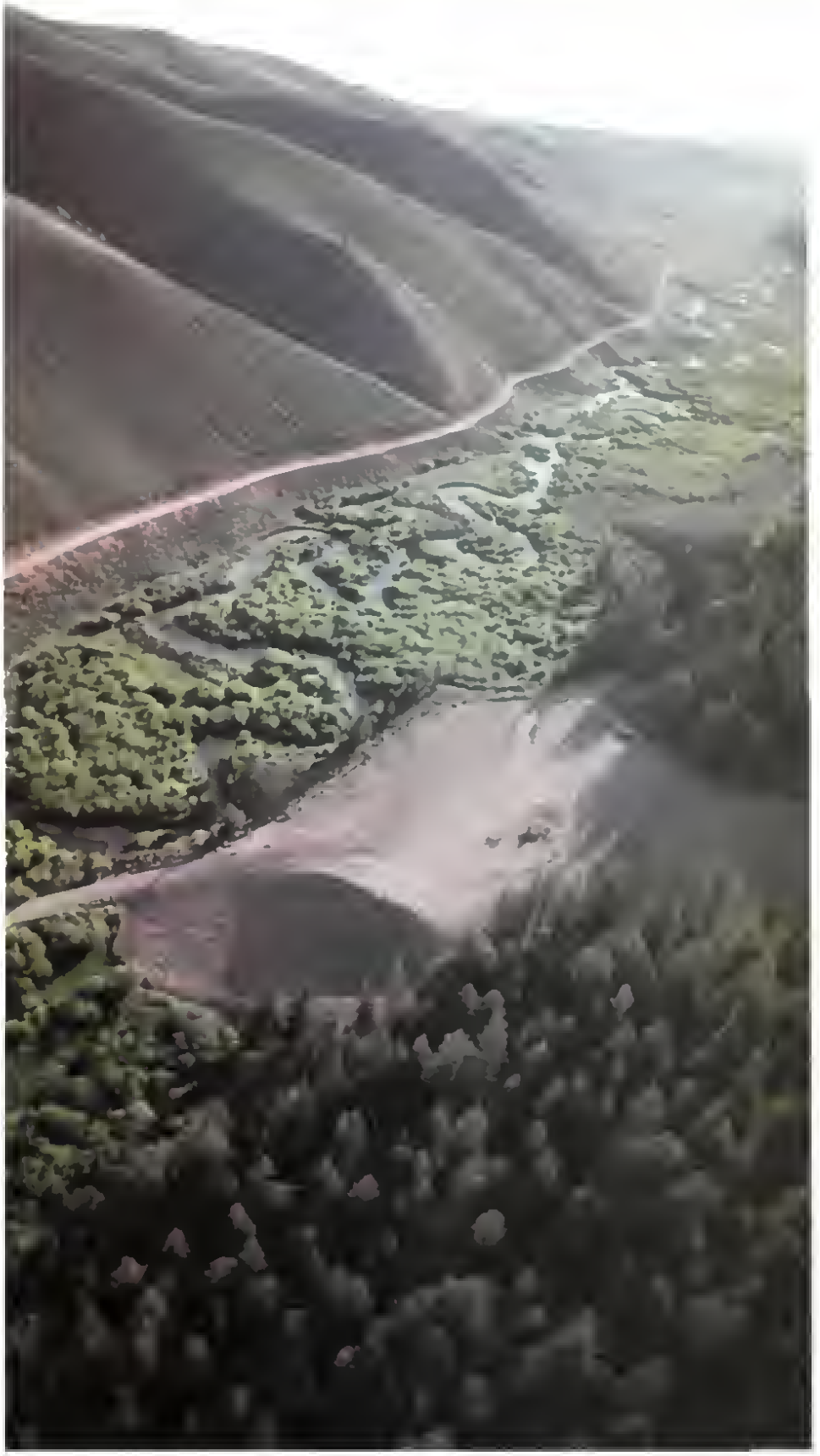


WYOMING PLAYS ITS HOLE CARD

The stakes are high—economically and environmentally—as Wyoming's vast mineral wealth begins to be dealt out

by JIM DOHERTY

CONTINUED



An exploratory drill rig site too close to the bank of a meandering stream will cause pollution.

It looked like Spain, but it was Wyoming . The soil of the hills was red, the sage grew in gray clumps, and as the road rose we could see across the hills and away across the plain of the valley to the mountains.

—ERNEST HEMINGWAY
Wine of Wyoming

Hemingway was probably the savviest outdoorsman ever to write a great American novel, and for a spell early in his career, Wyoming was his favorite retreat. In the early '30s Hemingway and his second wife, Pauline, spent several long vacations there at Lawrence and Olive Nordquist's dude ranch up near the Montana border. When he wasn't working on a new book, he was usually off fishing with Ivan Wallace, a stubby wrangler who always wore a big Stetson, or hunting bears and elk with Chub Weaver, or scaring up sage grouse with some of the other ranch hands. One summer the state started to build a highway over a nearby pass, and Hemingway panicked because he was afraid it would ruin the hunting. One road'

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL EPPRIDGE



At another drilling site, a poacher's victim

That was 50 years ago. Since then, several generations of hunters, fishermen, backpackers, mountain climbers and tourists have consecrated Wyoming as a national cathedral of wilderness. It could never be mistaken for any profane or ordinary place. Its glowing mountain ranges—the Absarokas, the Salt River and the Wind River, the Bighorns and the Tetons—are among the most glorious in all the West. Its surging rivers—the Powder, the Snake, the Belle Fourche, the Green, the Sweetwater and the Cheyenne—hold large populations of cutthroat trout, browns and rainbows. Possibly no other state, except Alaska, boasts more spectacular numbers of wildlife. The world's largest populations of pronghorn antelope, Shiras moose and sage grouse are in Wyoming. So are North America's greatest concentrations of bighorn sheep and elk, some of the finest mule-deer herds in the West and the largest concentration—about 200 to 400 in the Greater Yellowstone area—of grizzly bears left in the lower 48 states.

But even with all of its creatures, the Cowboy State is no Peaceable Kingdom these days. Once the country's most neglected state, it has now become one of the boomingest. Since 1970, and mostly during the past five years, its population has mushroomed 40%. Wyoming now ranks fourth on the list of fastest-growing states, right behind Nevada, Arizona and Florida. It still looks a lot like Spain, but that road Hemingway fretted about has turned out to be a harbinger after all.

"It's getting to be more and more like Pittsburgh around here all the time," grumbles Phil Riddle, a gun-toting, tobacco-chewing state wildlife official.

The reason is oil and minerals. Wyoming has an abundance of them: probably more oil, natural gas, coal, uranium ore and trona, or soda ash, than any other state. The rush is on to get those goods to market. In 1980 Wyoming mined 90.5 million tons of coal, 5.3 million tons of uranium ore and 12 million tons of trona. It also produced nearly 450 million cubic feet of natural gas and almost 125 million barrels of oil. Most people still think of Wyoming principally in terms of livestock production, but petroleum has been its No. 1 product since the 1950s. Back then, much of its oil, gas and other mineral reserves were so hard to get at, or of such poor quality, that it hardly paid to go after them. But in 1973 along came the OPEC oil embargo and, with it, growing concern about the nation's vulnerability to other mineral boycotts. Suddenly the value of Wyoming's previously "unprofitable" reserves soared, and the state has been on a binge ever since.

The new prosperity has taken its toll of the pristine qualities that made Wyoming so special for so long. Boomtowns, strip-mining and oil exploration are disfiguring the land from Gillette in the north to Rock Springs and Green River in the south. Pollution, litter, overcrowding and crime are no longer some other state's problems. Having discovered the joys of industrialization, Wyoming is now getting acquainted with the sorrows.

Nowhere are those sorrows more profound than in the Bear River Divide, a picturesque collection of arid hills and buttes in the southwestern corner of the state. In just 3½ years a frenzy of drilling for oil and gas there has transformed 100 square miles of crucial big-game wintering range into what one environmentalist calls "a petrological wasteland." At the foot of the Divide, the once-sleepy little town of Evanston is struggling to stay above a rising tide of problems. Since 1975 its population has more than doubled to about 10,500. Its schools and hospital are swamped. Trailer parks sprawl on all sides. Roustabouts pour into town

continued



Home on the range for some boom-time residents can turn out to be an abandoned station wagon.

from the oil fields and squatters set up housekeeping in shacks, tents, even abandoned cars along nearby streams and waterholes. The police are hard pressed to keep up with all the burglaries, brawls, family feuds and trespassing complaints. "Take a good look around," says Ron Smith, chairman of the national resources committee of the 25,000-member Wyoming Wildlife Federation. "This is what the rest of the Rockies could look like in 20 years."

True. Wyoming isn't the only mountain state in the throes of development. The search for energy has become the new Manifest Destiny all over the West. From Texas, Arizona and Utah to Colorado, Idaho and Montana, teams of geologists, surveyors, seismographers and drillers are scouring the land. "They've got drills coming down the chute until hell won't have 'em," laments Charles Jonkel, a grizzly-bear researcher and wildlife biologist at the University of Montana at Missoula. "Some of the best wildlife habitat on the eastern front of the Rockies is up for grabs."

In the nation's capital, the Reagan Administration has declared itself well satisfied with the emphasis on development, except for one thing: It wants to step up the tempo even more on public lands. The oil glut and high interest rates have worked against that notion lately—some wildcatters have actually gone broke—but most observers see that only as a lull in the storm.

That opinion isn't held solely by environmentalists, a fact that was underscored by the Administration in February when it asked for an audit of the lands it holds to see what should be sold off as surplus. Soon enough, Westerners will find out if it is indeed possible, as energy boosters have been saying for years, to get gas and oil out of the mountains without destroying them. On the face of the evidence presented thus far in the Bear River Divide, the issue is very much in doubt.

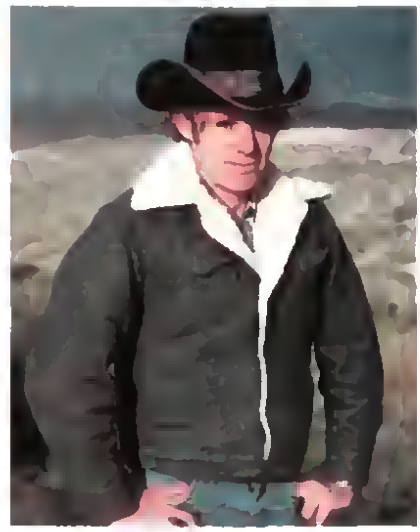
"A lot of energy people are keeping a close eye on Wyoming these days," says Jack Pugh, a 37-year-old state legislator from Green River. "What happens here may very well be a good indication of what's going to happen elsewhere. And right now the big question has to do with what's going on around Evanston. Are we going to go ahead and blow that entire part of the state to hell for 20 or 30 years worth of gas and oil?"

Ron Smith was born in Evanston 31 years ago and grew up on a dairy ranch outside of town that his great-grandfather homesteaded in 1903. He worked in the barn with his grandfather, Spencer Peart, who delivered milk into town on a wagon every day, and he remembers going into the fields with his grandmother, who taught him the names of all the flowers. Summers, Ron and his friend Brad Kennedy caught four- and five-pound cutthroats in the Bear River, and in the fall they went deer hunting in the hills. After graduating from the University of Wyoming at Laramie as a wildlife biologist, Smith worked with the Wyoming Game and Fish Department for three years. Then he took a job as a land reclamation specialist at a trona mining plant in Green River, 80 miles east of Evanston. He lives in Green River now with his wife (whose name, coincidentally, is Ronnie) and their infant daughter. A genial, soft-spoken Mormon, Smith hunts enough pronghorn antelope, mule deer and elk to provide for all of his family's meat needs. But not much of that proven-

continued







Chevron's Eckerdt (above) paints pipes green, builds nests and plants grass, but Riddle (center) wants preservation rather than "reclamation."



Smith (above) now coordinates the controversial coalition of developers and environmentalists, while Pugh (at left) labors in the legislature.

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der comes from his old stomping ground, and not long ago he drove a visitor up into the Divide in an effort to explain why things had changed.

Pulling over to the side of a winding dirt road, high in the Whitney Canyon area, Smith pointed to the north. "Got my first buck a couple of ridges over from here about 15 years ago," he drawled. "A five-point beauty. I remember seeing maybe 300 deer that day. Seemed like there was a big old buck behind every serviceberry bush. Last fall I came back in here with a couple of pals, and we saw just four does and a fawn all day."

At that moment a red-and-white helicopter popped out of a nearby draw and clattered up to a team of orange-clad seismographers waiting on a hillside. Across the way a pickup truck tore up another hill toward several more vehicles parked on top. Semis barreled past Smith's car, hauling construction materials and piping. On the hills and ridges in every direction, massive drilling rigs reached up toward the sky like rocket launchers.

Farther on, Smith passed another helicopter hovering over an encampment of house trailers beside a stream bed heaped with household trash. Ahead, two bulldozers and a road grader were scalping a hillside. At one enormous building site a sign announced that Chevron U.S.A. was constructing a natural-gas plant. Not far away, the Amoco Production Company was building a similar installation. Smith stopped again beside a boulder upon which someone had scrawled in bright red paint, JERRY SUCKS. Turning to his companion he smiled sadly and said, "What we've got going on up here is one hellaceous mess."

As bad as it looks from the ground, it appears even more hellaceous from the air. Within a triangle running from Evanston north to Big Piney, 95 miles away, and then west 50 miles to the Utah border, hundreds of seismograph lines shoot off helter-skelter across the land to the horizon. In places craters from seismograph blasting are so numerous and dense that the range looks saturation-bombed. In other places off-road-vehicle tracks, power-line corridors, pipelines and new roads etch unnatural cobwebs on the ground. Around Evanston, La-Barge and Big Piney, drilling rigs bristle like spines on a cactus. Even in the majestic mountains of the Wyoming Range west of Big Piney, new roads and rigs cling to the rocky ridges. Wherever the deer and the antelope play, wildcatters are hard at work.

A seismography crew (left) can sample boomtown life in Evanston when a long day is done



The oilmen know they're onto something sensational. The Bear River Divide is part of a geological formation called the Overthrust Belt, which extends from Mexico right on up through the Rocky Mountains into Canada. Scientists have maintained for years that the Belt contains stupendous amounts of oil and natural gas, but the deposits are buried four and five miles deep. Drillers didn't figure out how to get at them until 1974. Since then, no less than 16 major discoveries have been made in Wyoming. One, the Whitney Canyon-Carter Creek field north of Evanston, is said to be the third-largest petroleum reserve in the world. It alone triples Wyoming's known gas reserves and doubles its oil.

Few environmentalists would dare oppose the extraction of that bonanza. What they are against is the way the job is being done. Within the past few years, more than 300 wells have been punched into Wyoming's 180 miles of Overthrust Belt. Most of them are in the Bear River Divide. The loss of wildlife habitat resulting from that spree is incalculable according to state Game and Fish Department officials. Thousands of acres have been directly displaced by well sites, new roads, utility corridors, plant construction and associated activities. It's hard to get a handle on the impact of all the seismographing. Farther north, in the Bridger Teton National Forest, where exploration and drilling are just getting under way, about 5,000 acres were lost in one year on account of blasting. In remote areas previously undisturbed from the first snowfall to the spring melt, snow clearing and seismographing operations now go on all year long. Biologists suspect this may be severely affecting big-game behavior and reproduction.

There are other problems. In warm weather, campers and squatters frequently cut off wildlife access to streams and waterholes on private and public lands. Many creatures foolish enough to try for a drink end up as camp meat. More than 4,000 deer, elk and antelope are being

continued

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killed illegally each year. In the Bear River, pollution and siltation threaten several species of rare trout. Bleach is commonly used to kill fish, and white plastic bottles sometimes litter the river banks next to the best "bleaching holes."

Many oldtimers feel uncomfortable about what's going on. "Oh, it's a madhouse around here all right," grouses Spencer Peart, who's 71 now and has handed his ranch over to his daughter, Joyce Carpenter, and her husband, Duane. "It all happened too fast." Sometimes Peart, who enjoys reminiscing about things like the time two World War II bombers ran out of gas and "lit" in his pasture, would like to turn back the clock. But he has been made a millionaire several times over by the wells pumping in the hayfields where Ron Smith used to play, and he apparently has no intention of returning the money.

Others feel the same way. There is a good deal of grumbling, but there is a great deal of new wealth. Folks are reluctant to reveal how much they're being paid by the oil companies for exploration and drilling rights. It's rumored, however, that some landowners south of Evanston are getting $2 million an acre.

"People hereabouts are too dadgummed concerned with the almighty dollar," fumes Phil Riddle, the southwest district supervisor for the state Game and Fish Department. "There's not much concern left for what's happening to our land and our wildlife. To me, Wyoming *is* wildlife. When we lose it, we're losing part of what makes us what we are. I can't imagine living here without the elk and the deer. But those old oil boys are just raising high holy billygoat hell. If we don't get some controls on them pretty soon, we're sure as the dickens going to lose the whole Overthrust Belt clear on up to Jackson."

In fact, the march on Jackson has already begun. One gas well was drilled in the Granite Creek area of the Teton National Forest five years ago and two more are going in now. The U.S. Forest Service is evaluating a well proposed for the Cache Creek area east of Jackson, near the famous National Elk Refuge. Incredibly, the Forest Service also has recommended leasing out for exploration a murderously rugged roadless area in the Snake River Range. Philip Hocker, an architect who lives near Jackson, is fighting the proposal. "It isn't just the environmentalists who say the oil companies shouldn't go in there," he says. "*God* says they can't go in there." Even Yellowstone hasn't entirely escaped the onslaught. A number of applicants are trying to obtain leases for drilling in the Teton Wilderness adjacent to America's first national park.

"Maybe the rest of the country needs the oil, but Wyoming is caught in a bitter trade-off," says Pugh. "The way things are going, we're definitely going to lose our game herds in the Overthrust Belt. I can't see any way of stopping it. All we can do is try and save enough habitat to



bring back the herds when the boom is over. That means we have got to slow things down and start thinking about the long-term impact of what we are doing."

Pugh and his family moved to Wyoming from Alvin, Texas several years ago because they liked the country. Slender and tousle-haired, he looks like a college professor, but he works as a boiler operator at one of the local trona plants. In 1980 he ran as a candidate for state representative, and much to his surprise he won. Actually, his victory wasn't so startling, because Pugh is youthful, sincere, articulate, energetic, and knows how to flash a winning smile. He has only one political liability: A former president of the Wyoming Outdoor Council, he is an unabashed environmentalist, and in Wyoming that's no badge of honor.

Pugh blames the disarray along the Overthrust Belt on all the major oil companies—Amoco, Chevron, Exxon, Champlin, Quasor and Natural Gas of California—working there and on the Rock Springs office of the U.S. Bureau of Land Management (BLM). That office is responsible for administering most of the land in the southwestern corner of Wyoming. As a legislator, Pugh has used what he calls "some deep pressure" to get the companies and the BLM to be more responsive to criticism. "Their priorities are out of whack," he says. "And they don't know enough about wildlife to make intelligent trade-offs."

Other environmentalists pin the blame even more squarely on the BLM. Bob Rogers, a veteran state newspaperman based in Buffalo, is president of the Wyoming Wildlife Federation. In that capacity he has a fair amount of contact with the BLM and other public agencies. "That BLM Rock Springs office is caught up in a rush to develop, regardless of the impact," he says. "Hell, some of the oil people are easier to deal with than those bureaucrats are. If you're an environmentalist, it's pretty tough to get information out of them. If you're an oilman, you can get whatever you want without any red tape at all."

The BLM isn't the only government agency with jurisdiction in the Overthrust Belt. In fact, the interweaving is so complex that environmentalists are often hard put to point the finger of blame at anyone. The BLM is the primary watchdog on federal lands south of the Bridger Teton National Forest. Up there, though, the U.S. Forest Service is in charge. The U.S. Minerals Management Service in Rock Springs gets into the act whenever a permit to drill is filed—unless the proposed well is on private land. In that case, the Wyoming Oil and Gas Commission is responsible. The state Game and Fish Department is the designated authority on matters of habitat, but its officials complain they're seldom consulted. The state Department of Environmental Quality is the point agency on matters of air and water pollution. Everybody, in short, has a piece of the action, which is to say that nobody is in control.

continued





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To some observers all this looks like a clear-cut case of government failing to govern. And the reason why government has failed, environmentalists charge, is that it wasn't given a chance. In 1969 the landmark National Environmental Policy Act was passed to ensure that future development of the country's resources would be conducted in an orderly manner and without undue violence to the environment. The law prescribes a standard bureaucratic review process, including the preparation of a detailed document known as an "environmental impact statement," usually referred to as an EIS. This meticulous accounting of plans, problems, solutions and trade-offs is supposed to force developers and government agencies to look before leaping onto public lands. But in the case of the fiasco now unfolding on the Overthrust Belt, the EIS process hasn't been followed. Several years ago the Rock Springs office of the BLM undertook a fairly painstaking preliminary assessment of the likely effects of petroleum development in its three-million-acre district. It concluded that an environmental impact statement would be unnecessary because there would be "no significant impact on wildlife."

Phil Riddle, 42, comes from that conservative society of Western gentlemen who revere their grandparents, preach the virtues of hard work and simple pleasures, and view wilderness experiences in a fundamentally mystical way. Deep-voiced and laconic, Riddle wears a uniform consisting of cowboy boots, jeans, a holstered revolver, a string tie and a warden's shirt. He generally also sports a pair of shiny sunglasses that make it hard to see what his eyes are doing. Born in Oklahoma, he moved to Evanston when he was six. His stepfather, a part-Indian railroad engineer nicknamed Chief, used to take him deer hunting up in the Divide. Riddle married young, had two daughters, spent six years in the Air Force and worked his way through college as a fire fighter, a butcher and a cop. He signed on as a game warden and had his share of run-ins with knife-wielding poachers and armed psychopaths. But he also enjoyed a spell at a station that encompassed an area of about 80×15 miles up north, where he spent a lot of solitary time patroling in the mountains on horseback.

"Living like that," he says, "you be-

come a part of the country, almost like an animal. Your senses become acute. You can smell when an elk or a mountain lion has passed by. You can read animal signs better, you can hear better, you can almost feel things you've never felt before. It's the most exhilarating thing in the world."

When Riddle took over as supervisor three years ago, he knew the Overthrust Belt, not enforcement, would take up most of his time. He's working with his staff of 12 to collect data on habitat destruction, wildlife populations, reproduction and behavior that can be used to help slow down or redirect future development. "This oil thing took off so fast we still haven't caught up to it," he says. "But from now on we're going to have some influence on what happens."

Riddle has already had some influence. Two years ago the BLM proposed to approve plans submitted by Chevron and Amoco for the two new natural-gas plants in Whitney Canyon. The scheme involved extensive facilities, but the most controversial aspect was a 28-mile railroad spur. It was routed right down the middle of a valley used for centuries by big-game animals as a major migration route and wintering area, and it cut through one of the most important bald-eagle winter roosting areas in the West. It would have bisected several important streams and obliterated a number of sage grouse strutting and nesting areas. When Riddle found out about the spur, he organized a tour through the area for state wildlife officials, environmentalists and media people.

The comment and publicity resulting from that trip elicited a prompt response. A couple of dozen oil people flew out from Denver for a special meeting. Riddle told them the railroad idea was "flat-out unacceptable." They asked for alternatives, and he gave them some. The railroad spur was dropped.

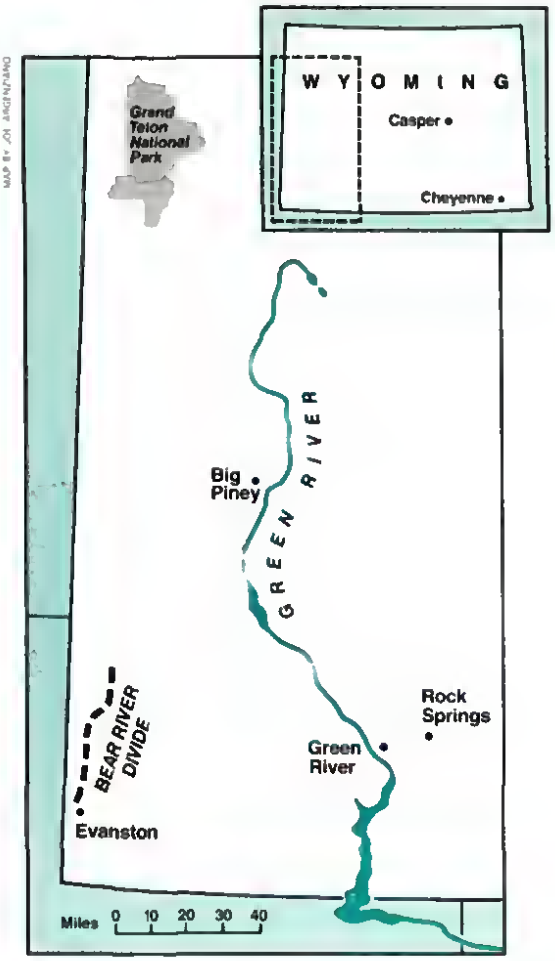
That was the first time environmentalists and wildlife people were able to dig in their heels on an issue and win, but, ironically, BLM and Minerals Mining Service officials say they may have done more harm than good. "That railroad would have been a lot better all around than the pipelines and truck hauling that will replace it," insists John Fraher, district engineer at the Minerals Mining Service's Rock Springs office. "The oil companies just got blackjacked, that's all."

The BLM still defends the railroad spur as a prudent idea. "The same kinds of fears and concerns were expressed about the Alaska pipeline," says Don Sweep, who heads up the BLM's Rock Springs office. "And that turned out to be relatively O.K."

But the Alaska pipeline was, thanks to the enormous pressure put on by environmentalists, the most carefully planned and monitored energy construction project in history. The railroad idea, says Dick Randall, a regional representative of the Defenders of Wildlife, typifies the lack of planning and sensitivity that has characterized the Bear River Divide boom from the outset. "I just can't understand how it has been possible for all of this to happen without an EIS," Randall says. "Somewhere, something is rotten."

There is a wide moat of distrust between many environmentalists, who mutter darkly about the BLM and the U.S. Geological Survey department "selling out" to the oil companies, and bureaucrats who complain about "uncompromising obstructionists." Things got off to a rocky start shortly after Don Sweep arrived in Rock Springs in 1980 to take over as the new head man at the BLM. Bob Rogers dropped by for a visit and mentioned that Earl Thomas, the longtime head of the Wyoming Game and Fish Department, had called the Overthrust Belt "an environmental tragedy." Sweep looked blankly at Rogers and asked, "Who is Earl Thomas?" Rogers reported the remark, and Sweep has yet to live it down.

A tall, cautious career bureaucrat, Sweep rejects the charge that the BLM shows favoritism to the oil companies. "If we have any bias at all," he insists, "it is for the environment. On the other hand, we're responsible for issuing and overseeing leases to explore and recover minerals on our lands. That is part of our job." Sweep portrays the BLM as an agency squeezed between environmentalists and the oil industry, which of course it is. It does issue detailed stipulations to drillers. But even Sweep concedes that if the BLM had it to do over, it would handle the development on the Overthrust Belt "somewhat differently."



Mineral exploration and mining has been centered around Evanston but now is expanding toward Grand Teton Park

In fairness to the BLM and other agencies, petroleum development is a hellishly untidy and uncertain process. Geologists haven't yet refined the art of locating oil and gas fields into anything close to an exact science. At present, some 50 or 60 seismography firms are working in the Overthrust Belt. They keep their findings secret and sell them to the highest bidder. Public and private ownership of lands in part of the area is checkerboarded, and the BLM has little control over what happens on private lands. When one driller strikes pay dirt, others try to hit the same field. The oil companies say that they never know how much oil or gas they've got until it's pumped out, which makes planning all but impossible for local and state officials. Environmentalists contend the companies do have accurate estimates but keep them

continued

confidential for competitive reasons.

Sometimes Garret Eckerdt is bemused by such accusations; more often, he's annoyed. As Chevron's on-site production foreman, he's the man responsible for getting the oil and gas to market. For four years now he has been pretty much running Chevron's whole show, getting into everything from road building and drilling problems to dealing with private landowners and serving on the board of the Evanston Chamber of Commerce. He works out of a small office full of maps, charts and bottled oil samples in a new prefab building a few miles outside of town. When he tells someone how he wants a job done, there is no question he expects it to be done exactly that way.

Chevron spends between $8 and $12 million for each well it drills and so far has drilled around 70 of them in Wyoming. Its $360 million natural-gas plant just north of Evanston will be ready to go on stream in the fall. By then, Eckerdt will have lined up as many new wells as he needs to keep the plant going full tilt. A grandfather who routinely works 12-hour days, Eckerdt is enormously proud of the job he is doing. "We're building something good here, and we're doing it right," he says. "I can't get the oil and gas without drilling, and I can't drill without building roads, and I can't build roads without displacing some wildlife. But when we're all done in here, the land will be ready to take the animals back."

Eckerdt drives visitors up into the hills to show them how he builds the shortest, most direct roads possible. "I've done a good job on my roads," he declares. "I will not back down to anyone on my roads." He points out the specially built nesting roosts on power-line poles that keep eagles from electrocuting themselves. He notes the boulders lined up to keep ORVs off a newly reseeded hillside. He emphasizes that all of Chevron's new pipelines, wellheads and plant facilities are painted a special sage-green color to blend in with the environment. At a drilling site, he explains how he will reclaim the land. "I'll backhoe some trenches over there so the water in that waste pit will disperse," he says. "I'll take that dirt over there on the right and fill in the pit. Then I'll take my grader and make that cut over there into about a three-to-one slope so the grass seed will stay on top of it."

Reclamation. To oilmen, it's the ultimate saving grace. To wildlife experts, it's the Achilles' heel of development. "It has never been demonstrated, as far as I know, that you can reclaim this arid land at all," says Phil Riddle. "What they're doing is blading out the native sagebrush and salthush and rabbit bush that has been growing here for thousands of years and trying to replace it with non-native grasses that don't belong here. That grass doesn't stabilize the soil, doesn't feed animals and doesn't even grow. The effects on wildlife can be disastrous.



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"Take the young pronghorn antelope. That little critter starts out in the early spring eating tender shoots of young native grass. Then, he graduates to forbes. In the summer, he starts eating sagebrush. Sagebrush is going to be 80 percent of his diet. You aren't going to reclaim his habitat by planting crested wheatgrass all over the place."

After derailing the train-spur idea, Riddle and his fellow environmentalists were determined to keep their feisty new coalition together. Riddle, it's true, had some reservations about a few of the others, who, he said, were "a little fast on the draw." Some of Riddle's allies grew impatient, from time to time, with his deliberate pace and cautious pronouncements. "Phil works in a very political agency," said Ron Smith. "He's not going to get himself out on a limb if he can help it." But despite their differences, those in favor of an orderly approach to development began to work as a cohesive force.

Smith, Rogers and other activists kept close tabs on the BLM, making detailed suggestions on new proposals for roads and other facilities and keeping up the pressure for an EIS on the entire region. Riddle and his associates worked hard to anticipate the day when the oil companies would decide they could build additional natural-gas processing plants in the Commissary Ridge area near Cokeville. "We won't get caught flat-footed next time," Riddle vowed. "We'll have enough data for the big-game herds up there to go on the offensive."

Pugh and his allies in the state legislature made some progress, too, by gaining passage of an amendment that brings natural-gas plants under the scrutiny of Wyoming's seven-year-old industrial siting act. This meant the oil companies would have to run their plans for any new plants through a gamut of hearings and reviews, to work closely with local officials and environmentalists, and to put money up front for things like schools and sewage facilities. It was a breakthrough for environmentalists because it gave them, for the first time, real access to decision-making about development on the Overthrust Belt.

For a while last year, things seemed to be going so well for the environmentalists that they appeared to be on the verge of getting, if not an upper hand, at least a strong bargaining position. There was increasingly serious talk about a joint lawsuit by the National Wildlife Federation and the Wyoming Wildlife Federation to force the BLM to undertake an EIS. But then a funny thing happened on the way to a shootout. The oil companies came up with a million-dollar offer the environmentalists—most of them, at any rate—couldn't refuse.

The Overthrust Industrial Associa-

continued

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tion, a consortium of some 36 oil and gas-related companies active along the northern Overthrust Belt, was formed two years agn to work with communities on problems created by the boom. Last summer, after the BLM once again refused to undertake an EIS, conservationists were mulling over what to do next when the Overthrust Association proposed to pick up the tab for a three-year wildlife research program. The research would be undertaken by independent contractors, the recommendations wouldn't be binding, and the oil companies would have a veto over all decisions. In trade, the environmentalists would agree not to sue for an EIS.

The Wyoming Wildlife Federation and the National Wildlife Federation went for the deal because, according to federation lawyer Tom Lustig, "We really had nothing to gain by suing for an EIS and we at least had something to gain from the research agreement." The agreement got the oil companies out from under the pressure and expense of a long battle. It got the BLM off the hook. And it got Riddle, whose department would be excluded from doing the research, mad as hell. "That so-called agreement," he thundered after it was signed, "is just a pig in a poke. . . ."

"What happened was that the environmentalists got bought off," charged one Game and Fish Department official.

"No, we just took the best deal we could get," replied Ron Smith, who negotiated the agreement for the conservationists.

If it accomplished nothing else for the developers, the controversial agreement succeeded in splitting the ranks of the environmentalists. Riddle was seen by his erstwhile colleagues as "a crybaby clinging to an extremist position," as one of them put it. And Smith, who originally was one of the hotheads Riddle was worried about, assumed the role of conciliator and mediator with the opposition. On the shoals of such role reversals, real or imagined, do conservation coalitions founder.

Today, nothing else has changed much around Evanston as a result of either the research project, which has yet to get off the ground, or the oil glut that has slowed exploration elsewhere in the West. Though the rate of drilling has fallen off somewhat in the past three months, the Evanston boom goes on. Hundreds of unemployed laborers continue to pour into town. One local environmentalist refers to the emigrants as "criminals and creepy-crawlies." Some may fit that description, but many of the newcomers are law-abiding citizens who would rather try to find an honest job in Wyoming than go on the unemployment rills back in their home states.

One sunny afternoon three such men from Neilsville, Wis. sipped beer at the Whirl Inn Disco, a rowdy hangout on the western edge of Evanston, and talked over the job situation in the oilfields. Chuck York, 27, George Murphy, 38, and John Phillips, 31, had driven out together the week before. Phillips was already employed as a "floorman," wrestling pipe on a drilling rig near Whitney Canyon. A quiet, clean-cut former foundry worker, Phillips had to leave his wife and two children back home in Wisconsin. He was working the second shift, putting in 56 hours and making about $1,000 a week, including subsistence pay. Murphy hadn't been making ends meet as a tavern owner in Neilsville, and so he decided to see if he could save up a bankroll in Wyoming. York, an erstwhile paratrooper, steeplejack and bartender, carries a snapshot of a woman he lived with for a while in Iowa who had tattoos all over her body, including her left buttock, which was stamped: GRADE-A U.S. PRIME. "It's now or never," he said of their job prospects, parking his toothpick in his beard and ordering up another Pabst. "Folks round here say the population is going to double again in the next six months."

Their differences over strategy notwithstanding, Riddle and Smith both worry about the same thing these days: where it will all lead and what will be left when the oil and gas are gone 20, 30 or 40 years from now. Smith recently spent part of a cold morning tramping through a ghost town in the Bear River Divide called Cumberland, where his maternal great-grandfather was killed in a mine explosion that ended a fabulous coal boom. A pragmatic young entrepreneur ran a saloon and a bawdy house in Cumberland, and even now the house—an impressive two-story building of stone-block construction—retains a hint of decadent elegance. The hardwood floors are partly intact, and upstairs, where the ladies entertained the gentlemen, delicate stenciling can still be seen on the violet walls. Not far away, a dilapidated bridge spans Muddy Creek, and as Smith stood above the water and gazed out at the ridges, a loose door back in town banged forlornly in the wind.

"The West has seen a lot of boomtowns come and go," he mused aloud. "I wonder if we'll ever learn the difference between plundering the land and developing it." END



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On The Scene

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

I KNOW FLY-FISHING'S DREAM STREAM, AND I'LL EVEN TELL YOU WHERE IT IS

Doug called on a Friday afternoon to propose a three-day trip to The Creek. "I realize it's short notice," he said, "but I was sure I was going to have to work this weekend, and then all of a sudden things cleared up. Pete's welcome, too. We could pack in tomorrow afternoon and come back out Monday."

I thought about it and about the various good reasons there were for not going. My wife and I were expected at a dinner party Saturday evening. My son, Pete, 19, was getting ready to leave in a few days for his sophomore year at college, and I had obligations all my own—something to read, something to write, a couple of months of accumulated yardwork, a leaky roof that needed patching before it rained. "Sure," I said. "We can do it."

There were at least two good reasons for agreeing to the trip. In my experience, well-planned outdoor excursions are seldom the most productive or enjoyable ones. In fact, it seems that the more time you spend preparing for something, the more likely you are to have it ruined by flood or blizzard, a mass migration of game or a hunger strike by fish. When you simply pack up and go on short notice, things have a way of working out beautifully, even though there's at least an even chance you'll forget a sleeping bag or a can opener, matches or a change of underwear.

But the best reason for going on this particular outing was that The Creek offers what could very well be, when all aspects are carefully considered, the best trout fishing in America.

Late the next afternoon Doug, Pete and I were grinding and bouncing along an extremely rough, barely discernible trail in a 30-year-old Jeep. All of us sat in front, our backpacks and fly rods wedged into the seat behind us. With each mile Doug drove eastward the hills were steeper, the draws rockier, the dust thicker.

"At least the old thing's still running, even if it doesn't have springs," I said after bouncing three feet into the air when we hit a large rock.

"Just so the engine doesn't die," Doug said, almost screaming to be heard above its whine. "If it does, we probably won't get it started again for an hour. Sometimes the brakes go out, too. And gas leaks onto the manifold these days. I don't know that much about it, but it seems possible the engine could catch fire that way. See the deer?"



I saw them—four does beneath an oak on a hillside—and I was willing to change the subject, too. "They're almost tame," I said. "They don't see many people out there."

"None at all," Pete said. "They really don't see any, do they?"

We took the Jeep as far as it would go and then carried our packs and fishing rods another 30 minutes down a steep canyon wall. We could hear the sound of moving water, that lovely, muted roar, long before we reached The Creek. When you have fishing on your mind, there is no finer sound than that.

"I want trout for dinner," Doug said. "I hope we make it."

It was close. When we hit level ground at last—which felt strange, like land to a sailor—and fought our way through some brush to the sandy beach that would be our campsite, it was dark enough so that bats were swooping and darting over the stream.

We threw down our packs and rigged our rods in a hurry. It had been two weeks since I'd last fished, and I knew I should tie on a new tippet. By now the blood knot that attached the six-pound Maxima to the end of the leader had undoubtedly weakened to one-pound-test or even less. But it was too dark. I had difficulty simply threading the leader through the rod guides and tying on a large wet fly—a maribou muddler—with a turl knot.

If I'd been thinking, I would have realized that it was dark enough to break off the bottom sections of the tapered leader and tie the fly to 10- or even 12-pound-test, because the fish wouldn't see the heavier line in the dark water. Unfortunately, what I should have done didn't occur to me until, on my third or fourth short cast to the head of the campsite pool—a long, smooth stretch below a waterfall at a bend in The Creek—I hooked a fish that felt as heavy as a salmon.

It acted like a salmon, too. Pete, who had been a little slower rigging up, was on the bank in back of me when the fish struck. "Bring it in," he said. "That's dinner."

"I can't bring it in," I said. "It's huge."

The trout was strong and running deep; it took a lot of line off the reel, and in a hurry. I had thought quickly enough to loosen the drag, and the fish finally stopped and held at the tail of the pool, 20 yards below us. It took several minutes to work the trout slowly and carefully to within 10 feet of the bank, but just as I thought it was ready to let me lead it all the way in, it turned and ran back down again. This time I followed it partway and finally eased it into shallow water, up near the surface.

"Look at it!" Pete said.

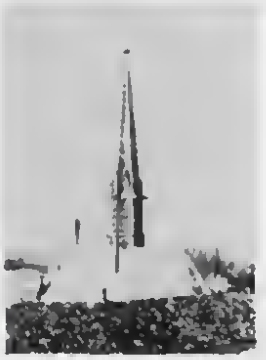
"I'll never land it. Not on this leader," I said.

But with Pete's help I did. We cornered the rainbow in a foot of water over sand, scooped it up and tossed it, thrashing, onto the bank. It was some trout. We didn't measure or weigh it, so instead of guessing how long it was or how many pounds it weighed, I'll say only that it was easily large enough to satisfy three

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hungry men for dinner. We wrapped it in foil and broiled it in the glowing embers at the edge of the campfire. We embellished the meal with fresh peaches and white wine.

After dinner we talked for a couple of hours, mostly speculating about the next day's fishing. Doug also told us of some recent experiences with local wildlife—wild pigs, rattlesnakes, a resident cougar—that he'd had at or near this very campsite.

And we talked of horses. Hawaii, the San Francisco Giants. Finally there was a lengthy discussion—not an argument—concerning vegetarianism, although none of us practices it. "I can understand eating vegetables for health," Doug said as the talk was winding down. "That makes sense. But I can't understand people who say they're vegetarians for moral reasons. It's too complicated. That trout we ate tonight. By killing it we saved at least a thousand grasshoppers. Who's to say whether grasshoppers or trout are really more important in the total scheme of things?"

"I think it has to be an individual choice," Pete said.

We wisely let it go at that, and all of us slept well. I awakened only once during the night, at about 2 or 3 a.m., and for a few minutes I lay on my back and watched the billion stars in the slice of black, moonless sky visible between the canyon walls that towered above us.

All the next day it was grasshoppers and trout again, but the real things, not theoretical subject matter. After a breakfast of raisin bread and Tang, Doug headed downstream, and Pete and I went up.

To claim that The Creek offers trout fishing as good as or better than that found anywhere in the U.S. may sound rather extravagant, so I'll try to explain.

First of all, The Creek isn't what most people would call a creek at all. Small river would be more accurate. Some of the pools are more than 15 feet deep, and these pools, usually 50 to 100 yards apart, are connected by wide, shallow riffles over gravel or by smoothly flowing runs, deeper and narrower than the riffles, cut through volcanic bedrock. The largest trout tend to be beneath submerged ledges in the deepest pools, but good trout can be found almost anywhere, and, if you're willing to wade, to climb an occasional cliff and to swim when absolutely necessary, you can cover every likely-looking holding spot with a fly. I believe that if 100 serious fly-fishermen ascended to heaven and each were granted permission to design a stream of his own, most of them would come up with something very much like The Creek.

The rainbow trout in it rise well, and they are extremely large. Doug, who has fished there more than anyone, claims to have seen some more than 30 inches long. I believe him. They thrive in the cold, food-rich waters, and they fight like the wild creatures they are.

Best of all, The Creek is remote and unknown, which of course is what accounts for the number and size of the fish in it. It's difficult to get used to having such a place to yourself. That morning with Pete, every time he and I rounded a bend I found myself expecting to see another party of anglers. All we saw, though, were hawks and herons, quail and deer, so we were casting flies to fish that hadn't seen an artificial in weeks or months or years, if ever. We used large grasshopper imitations that came fairly close to matching the hoppers that were thick along the brushy banks, though I think any fly of roughly the right size would have worked as well.

We fished upstream, taking turns at the pools as they came, also covering the likeliest-looking pocket water between pools, hooking and releasing trout to 18 inches nearly everywhere.

About half a mile from camp, around 11 in the morning, I climbed a 20-foot cliff over a deep pool below a long, shallow riffle. Pete waded as far as he could up a narrow gravel bar at the tail of the pool and then began to make short casts over the deeper water. My spot was perfect to watch from, nearly straight above the best-looking water, the sun behind me illuminating every rock and pebble on the stream bottom.

Pete hooked and released a couple of fair-size trout with his short casts and then, on his first cast over the heart of the pool, two huge trout came up for his fly at once. Most of the large trout in The Creek rise slowly for a fly and suck it in calmly. These two, which appeared from beneath a wide ledge directly below me the instant the fly touched the water, raced for it, shooting upward for it so forcefully that each broke the surface with a vicious slash. Pete jerked back on the rod instinctively. But both fish had missed the fly.

"Did you see them?" I asked stupidly.

continued



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"Are you kidding?"

"Try again."

He did, several times, but neither fish moved. "How big were they?" Pete called up to me when he'd given up.

I hesitated. "Big," I said. I thought about it. When you're looking down at fish, as I had been, they appear smaller than they are.

"How big?"

"Well, one was quite a bit bigger than the other, and I'd guess the smaller one was 20 inches."

We killed one large trout for dinner, and Doug, who had done well downstream, brought back one of his own. He had also found half a dozen arrowheads—small, intricately carved bird points—in front of a cave on the north bank.

Once again we discussed fishing by the fire, which we fed with small logs of scrub oak. We all agreed that the trout came up most recklessly between 10 o'clock and two. Before 10, there were few if any grasshoppers on the water. After two, the trout were too gorged to bother coming up often. "I killed my fish just before two," Doug told us, "and it was so full of grasshoppers that the stomach looked like a rubber balloon stuffed with coat hangers."

We went to bed a little earlier than the night before and got up a little earlier to fish again. Though the fishing wasn't at its best before 10, it was good enough.

But Pete and I were careful to time it so that we arrived at the home of the two large trout at about 10:30, hoping that their appetites had been whetted by a bug or two by then, but that they still had plenty of room in their stomachs for more.

Pete tried for them again, and I climbed the cliff to watch.

"See anything?" he called up to me after he had waded carefully out, but before he began to cast.

"No. But they're sure to be here, under that ledge."

"It seems impossible to catch fish when you try for certain ones. It never works."

"It might here. Forget about the bottom end. Put it right out over where they came up yesterday."

False-casting, the orange line snaking smoothly back and forth in a tight loop, he worked out 30 feet of line, and then dropped the fly gently to the barely riffled surface of the pool. One of the trout,

continued

P.94

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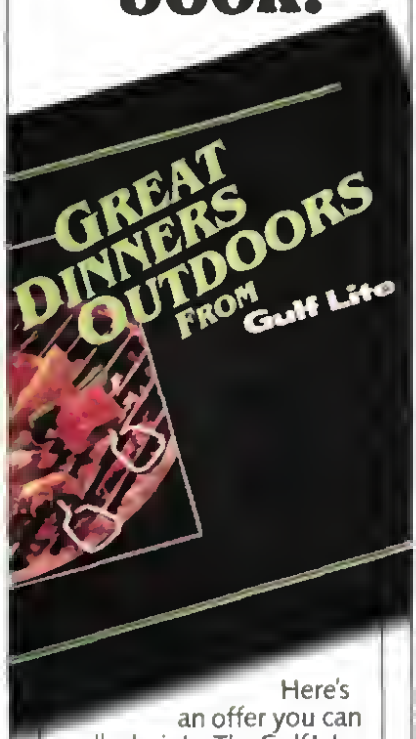
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the larger, came up as hard as it had the day before, slashing through the surface, even showing its tail, and throwing rainbow spray a yard. But it missed the fly, and Pete, who had set the hook into nothing and yanked it away, swore.

"Put it right back," I said.

He did, three times, and got no reward for his effort. I could see that he was resigned to failure when he stripped off another yard of line and lackadaisically cast again. The second trout came up slowly to meet the fly, open mouth showing white when it was halfway there. Without disturbing the surface it sucked the fly in and started down. Then it felt the hook.

For the next few minutes that pool was a busy place. The trout did everything a trout can do. I knew that it was well hooked, though, and that all Pete had to do was take his time. He did, and landed a rainbow slightly more than 20 inches long and as big around at the middle as a well-inflated football. I know the length because I measured the fish carefully against my rod before we released it. I was also certain that the trout Pete missed was at least four and possibly six inches longer than the one he landed.

We headed upstream, figuring we'd try for the monster on our way back to camp that afternoon. At least a mile above camp, farther than we had gone the day before, we found an Indian cave at a sharp bend in the stream. The opening was cut into the base of a steep cliff about 50 yards up a gentle slope from the water. We spent half an hour looking through it. The ceiling had been blackened by years of campfire smoke, and no less than a dozen grinding bowls were scattered about on the dusty floor. In a corner, partially covered with dust, I found a small, perfectly shaped mortar and left it there, beside one of the bowls. I expect to find it where I left it next time we fish The Creek.

Above the cave we found a long, fairly shallow pool—no more than six feet deep at the middle—with 25 or 30 good-size trout in it. They were out there in the slowly moving current like a school of oversize sardines, and I dropped a fly over the bunch of them. The one that got there first was another 20-incher, the image of Pete's.

In the long riffle above that pool, Pete hooked a fish that ran hard downstream, stripping his reel down to the backing before the line broke.

Just minutes later, in a narrow gorge so deep that we couldn't see the bottom through the smooth, clear water, I hooked into something huge. The way the sun was hitting the water there, I didn't see the trout when it struck, and it went straight to the bottom and held, the way a large male salmon often will. For five minutes I put on all the pressure that six-pound-test can take, but it was a standoff. The hook finally pulled away.

The action was non-stop the rest of the day. We didn't raise the huge one Pete had missed—it was well past two o'clock when we passed there again—but that was nothing to complain about. It's nice to know that it's still there, in the same pool or another one near it, putting on another inch, another pound or two for the coming season.

We slept late the last morning, and before we packed out, Pete decided to try the campsite pool once again. "We've probably been bothering that spot a little too often," I told him, but only 10 minutes later Pete was back, wearing the unmistakable smile of a successful fisherman.

"I just cast the fly out and let it hang there, over by the cliff, and all of a sudden the fish was on. I didn't even see it take the hook. It ran all over the pool, like the one you got there the night we arrived. It was just as big, too," he said excitedly.

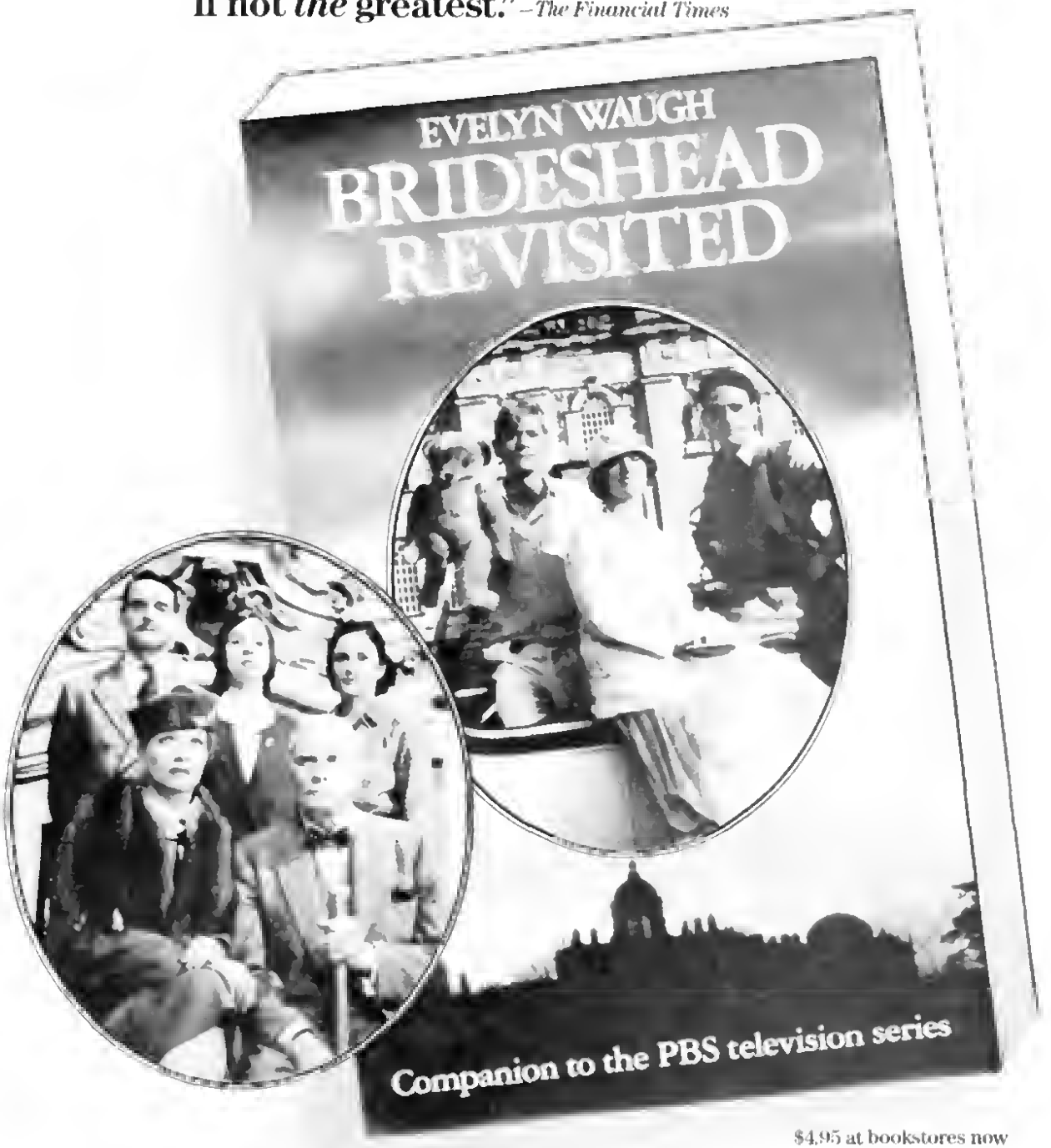
Then it was home—the steep climb out of the canyon, along the rocky ridge, past pines and sun-baked oaks to the Jeep. It started. Secretly I'd been hoping it wouldn't. I don't think any of us wanted to leave. Not yet, anyway. The fishing, the camping, the weather, the companionship and conversation—everything had worked out wonderfully. But the old Jeep started and carried us out of the real world, back to the one created by men.

You say you're tired of the fished-out, hatchery-loaded streams of 20th-century America? That you'd like to try The Creek yourself? Cast for that huge trout that eluded us and others like it? All right. In writing about the place I suppose I'm obliged to divulge its location. So, take a map of the Western U.S. Begin at Portland, Ore., and draw a line from there eastward to Pocatello, Idaho. Next, continue the line south to Goldfield, Nev. and then back to Pismo Beach, Calif. Use the Pacific Coast itself as a western border, and somewhere in there is The Creek. I swear it. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week May 3-9

Compiled by MIKE DELNAGRO

PRO BASKETBALL—As the NBA best-of-seven conference finals got under way on Sunday the Boston Celtics crushed Philadelphia 121–81 and the Los Angeles Lakers overpowered San Antonio 128–117. Earlier in the week the Celtics squeaked by Washington 133–126 in double overtime to eliminate the Bullets in five games, thanks in part to 33 points from Robert Parish and a slump breaking 26 from Larry Bird, who had been held to 60 points in games 1 through 4. Philadelphia polished off Milwaukee in six games, winning the finale 102–90 as Maurice Cheeks scored 26 points. In the West, San Antonio's two-gun attack—George Gervin (26 points) and Mike Mitchell (24)—led the Spurs to a series clinching 109–103 triumph in the fifth and decisive game of their quarterfinal matchup versus Seattle. For the series, Gervin had 136 points and Mitchell 120.

BOXING—RAY (Boom Boom) MANCINI knocked out Arturo Frias in Round 1 to win the WBA lightweight championship at Las Vegas (*page 30*).

SALVADOR SANCHEZ retained his WBC featherweight championship with a unanimous decision over Jorge (Rocky) Garcia in Dallas (*page 32*).

GOLF—ED SNEED's birdie putt on the first hole of sudden death beat Bob Shearer in the $350,000 Houston Open. They both shot nine-under-par 275s in regulation.

HARNESS RACING—BLATCHA ($5.20), driven by John Campbell, won the first leg of the $375,000 World Cup Pacing Series by 3¼ lengths over Genghis Khan at the Meadowlands. The 4-year-old colt was timed in 2:09⅕ for the 1⅛ miles.

HOCKEY—The New York Islanders, who opened their best-of-seven Stanley Cup championship series against Vancouver with a 6–5 victory in overtime earlier had advanced to the finals by completing a sweep in the semis of the Quebec Nordiques with a 4–2 victory. Vancouver had qualified for the title round by eliminating Chicago (*page 34*).

HORSE RACING—ROBSPHERE ($51), Jorge Velasquez up, beat Present the Colors by 1¾ lengths to win the $118,400 Dixie Handicap at Pimlico. The 5-year-old gelding ran the 1⅛ miles in 2:30⅕.

MARATHON—JOYCE SMITH, a 44-year-old horse wife, won the women's division of the London Marathon for a second consecutive year, running the distance in 2:29:43. HUGH JONES won the race, which drew a field of 16,350, in 2:09:24.

MOTOR SPORTS—JOHN WATSON, driving a McLaren, gained the lead in the penultimate lap and beat Keke Rosberg in a Williams at the Belgian Grand Prix in Zolder. Watson averaged 116.19 mph over 70 laps on the 2.65-mile circuit.

INDOOR SOCCER—After eliminating Buffalo by a 10–6 score in a decisive third game of the MISL quarterfinals, defending champion New York swept its best-of-three semis against Baltimore 6–5 and 6–2. In the opener, Paul Kitson's goal at 10:19 of OT barely rolled past the goal line behind Blast Netminder Keith Van Eron. So close was the call that afterward several Baltimore players chased after Goal Judge Joe Morda, who was escorted out of New York's Nassau Coliseum by security police. Arrow Forward Steve Zungul, who booted four goals in the clincher against Buffalo, had four more in the series clincher at Baltimore. In Game 1 of the Western Division semis, St. Louis scored six straight fourth-quarter goals to steamroll Wichita 10–5. But the Wings bounced back, overcoming a 5–1 deficit to beat St. Louis 7–6 in OT and even the series.

SOCCER—Of the week's 10 NASL games, nine were decided by two goals or fewer. The Eastern Division leading Cosmos were involved in a pair of one-goal decisions, losing 2–1 at Toronto and then ending Tulsa's eight-game home win streak 3–2 on Richard Chinapoo's game-clincher in a shootout. Tampa Bay defeated the Southern Division leader Fort Lauderdale 3–2, halting the Strikers' win skein at five games. San Diego Goalkeeper Volkmar Gross, who had three shutouts and allowed only four goals in his first five games, turned away seven shots as the Sockers beat Chicago 2–1 and clung to first place in the Western Division. San Jose, which had been shut out in three of its previous four games, had the only laugher of the week, a 4–1 triumph at Jacksonville.

TENNIS—IVAN LENDL defeated Eddie Dibbs 6–1, 6–1 to win the $500,000 Tournament of Champions at Forest Hills, N.Y. (*page 68*).

VOLLEYBALL—UCLA (29–0) defeated Penn State (15–4, 15–9, 15–7) at State College, Pa. to win the NCAA title for the ninth time since 1970.

MILEPOSTS—HIRED: As basketball coach at [illegible], CRAIG LITTLEPAGE, 30, who for the past four years was an assistant at Virginia.

RECUPERATING: From surgery to repair a partially detached retina, welterweight champion SUGAR RAY LEONARD, 25. The injury, which was apparently sustained late in April, caused the cancellation of Leonard's title fight with Roger Stafford scheduled for May 14 in Buffalo. The early prognosis of ophthalmologist Ronald G. Michels, who performed the surgery, was that Leonard would be able to resume boxing later this year.

RULED: By a six-woman federal district court jury in Los Angeles in the retrial of a suit brought by the Oakland Raiders and the Los Angeles Coliseum against the NFL, that the league violated antitrust laws by preventing the Raiders from moving from Oakland to Los Angeles (*page 21*).

SENTENCED: By a U.S. district court judge to a 10-year prison term, PAUL MAZZEI, 38, of Pittsburgh, for conspiring to fix six Boston College basketball games in the 1978-79 season.

TRADED: By the New York Yankees, First Baseman DAVE REVERING, 29, and a minor league infielder to the Toronto Blue Jays for First Baseman JOHN MAYBERRY, 32.

By the Chicago Sting, Defenseman FRANTZ MATHIEU, 29, the MVP of the 1981 Soccer Bowl, to Montreal for Forward GORDON HILL, 28, the NASL's No. 8 scorer last season.

DIED: MIKE BABB, 24, an Oklahoma defensive back in 1976-79, of cardiac arrest suffered after surgery to repair a knee injury sustained in a Sooner varsity-alumni game in Oklahoma City.

GILLES VILLENEUVE, 30, a six-time winner during his 67-race Grand Prix driving career, of injuries sustained in a crash during a qualifying run for the Belgian Grand Prix at Louvain.

CREDITS

6—[illegible] 26-28—[illegible] 29—[illegible] 30,31—[illegible] 32—Andy Hayt 33—[illegible] 34,35—Peter Read Miller (top), Tony Triolo 36—Paul Bereswill 41—Paul Bereswill (top), Tony Triolo 52—[illegible] 57—Paul Kennedy 58,60—Richard Mackson 62—Cydney Duffy 64—Tony Tomsic 68,73—Mark Wilson 101—Rob Gagnon.

FACES IN THE CROWD





STEVE RANDALL and **GREG RANDALL**
MOUNT VERNON, IOWA

Steve, 19, and Greg, 18, brothers and seniors at Mount Vernon High, finished their high school wrestling careers with a combined record of 236 wins, 11 losses and three ties and six state high school titles. Steve won his second straight 138-pound championship and had a four-year record of 116–8–1. Greg won the 132-pound title, making him the 14th four-time champion in Iowa high school history. His career mark was 120–3–2, including a school-record 59 pins.



TRACY HILL
RIDGWAY, COLO.

Tracy, a 5'11" junior forward, led Ridgway to the girls' state high school basketball title with a tournament-record 103 points in three games. Her regular season average of 39.7 points a game was highest among girls and boys in Colorado.



MICHAEL DANIELS
TULARE, CALIF.

Daniels, a senior right-hander at Tulare Western High, pitched back-to-back no-hitters against Porterville and Delano. In 15 innings he threw only 168 pitches, struck out 34 batters and walked just one. His record is 6–3 with a 0.90 ERA.



SR. MADONNA SUDER
SPOKANE

Sister Madonna, 51, a nun assigned to the Good Shepherd Home in Spokane, ran five marathons in the past year, including Boston, where her time of 3:38 is believed to be best among women 50 and over. She took up running five years ago.



TOM JAGER
[illegible]

Jager, [illegible], set state records in the 100-yard freestyle (44.57) and 100 backstroke (1:00.14) at the Illinois high school swimming championships. He trains in St. Louis because Collinsville High has neither a swimming team nor a pool.

19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

AILING SPORTS

Sir:

Did you plan it that way, or was it coincidence that four reports in the May 3 issue demonstrated what is wrong with professional sports today?

First, the SCORECARD item "Canadian Bone Disease" illustrated the absurdity of the number of NHL, NFL and NBA teams that qualify for the playoffs after an overlong season.

Second, another SCORECARD item told us of the demise of Boston's amateur marathon—next year we can expect rampant commercialism.

Third, the article *Overloaded With Circuit Breakers*, a superbly written piece, demonstrated how the greed—and stupidity—of players and promoters has turned tennis into a circus.

And, finally, the article *He Won't Clean Up His Act* showed how a hockey player like New York Islander Goaltender Billy Smith can swing his stick at and butt-end his opponents and commit other unsavory acts while pretending to be a big-league sportsman.

What has turned me off—and made me turn off my TV set—is just this kind of greed and commercialism on the part of owners, promoters and players, accompanied by violence on the part of some players. Why don't we simply bring on the gladiators, stage a mammoth version of the Roman games, sell tickets at $100 a seat and get on with it?

GEORGE LANGMYER
Seattle

Sir:

Hats off to SI for serving as the conscience of the sports world. E.M. Swift has captured the essence of hockey violence in the persona of Billy Smith. But don't blame Smith or the Islander management.

Every year football has tougher controls on violence. Baseball has strict beanball and interference rules. Basketball has a third official. What about hockey? Who protects the Smiths and the Williamses and the Jonathans from one another? Hockey has become a contest in which only the fittest can survive. And at the moment, Billy Smith is obviously quite fit.

DANIEL LINDEMANN
Wayne, N.J.

Sir:

Thank you for your exceptional article on Billy Smith. I'm an avid Islander fan who loves to watch him frustrate opponents with his terrific goaltending abilities and also punish them for going into his territory. He has brought a brand-new concept to hockey with his offensive goaltending techniques.

He's a unique and honest individual who doesn't try to hide his emotions or deny or excuse his reputation as a physical player. And for those who don't like Billy's style of goaltending, I can only say, "Have a nice time watching the Islanders win their third consecutive Stanley Cup." Go, Billy!

LOUIS RHUDA
Stormville, N.Y.

Sir:

Hallelujah! Just when it was beginning to look as though SI viewed hockey as a game played by Wayne Gretzky and a cast of extras, you redeemed your collective selves with a terrific profile of the man we Islander fans know and love as Battlin' Billy. Billy Smith has been the backbone of the Islanders, possessing the ability to rally them by his actions and to single-handedly keep them in many a game when the defensive corps has taken a mental vacation.

Granted, Smitty isn't exactly a textbook goalie, but to term him a "goon" isn't fair, either. He does what he feels is necessary to do a job the best way he can and, in the process, has become the best at what he does. Smitty is the greatest thing on ice since since beer.

MARK G. PRESTON
Norwalk, Conn.

Sir:

I always thought that Billy Smith was just an ordinary goon. Then I read E.M. Swift's article and discovered that Smith even slashes his teammates in practice. Oh, nice guy. I realize now that I was wrong—Smith is an equal-opportunity goon—and a disgrace to the game of hockey. I think his toughness might be feigned, however. After all, anyone who drinks his beer on the rocks, as Smith appears to be doing in your opening picture, can't be too tough.

JON J. BOECKENSTEDT
Dubuque, Iowa

Sir:

Tell Billy Smith, whom you pictured reclining in a bathtub, to go soak his head! A hockey player who deliberately slashes and butt-ends people has no business being in the NHL—or in SI!

DAVID GAUS
Pittsburgh

Sir:

It's difficult for me to see any redeeming virtues in the article about Billy Smith, your disclaimer in SCORECARD of the same issue notwithstanding. The urge of youngsters to imitate a winning NHL goalie and his goonlike tactics, which you discussed in detail, perpetuates the violence that SI abhors.

ROBERT L. BARKER JR.
St. Albans, Vt.

Sir:

Glenn Resch says Billy Smith can be blamed only to a point for his on-ice brutishness and points the accusing finger elsewhere. I disagree. Being an amoral jerk is a matter of individual responsibility.

FRANK P. MILANO
Albany, N.Y.

HOCKEY'S PLAYOFFS

Sir:

You can count me among those who are fed up with the remarks of the critics concerning the NHL playoff system (SCORECARD, May 3). John Kieran's 1930 column proves one thing. For at least 52 years the NHL has had a consistent, clear-cut and straightforward system for determining who its champion is. Regular-season games are the means by which teams are positioned in the championship playoffs.

I agree wholeheartedly that the NHL's playoff system may not be right for football, basketball or baseball, but the NHL has enough problems without being criticized for creating a playoff system that, at least for hockey fans, provides an interesting regular season and a dynamite finale.

DAVID C. BELBE
Northampton, Mass.

Sir:

It seems to me that lots of people go to games simply to view the athletes, enjoy the competition and discuss with friends what they would have done if they were coach. The game is the focus. I seldom think about how a particular game relates to the playoffs, which are simply an adjunct to the season.

ROSS C.C. SURPELIS
Charlotte, N.C.

BOSTON'S MARATHON

Sir:

It's a sad comment on the state of contemporary sports that SI's coverage of this year's Boston Marathon was limited almost exclusively to discussing the controversies over prize money and commercial sponsorship of the race (SCORECARD, May 3). Almost overlooked was the magnificent duel between Alberto Salazar and Dick Beardsley, who matched each other, virtually stride for stride, over the whole 26-mile, 385-yard course and provided a thrilling finish.

Yes, amateurism may be dead at the Boston Marathon, and the race's future will probably be shaped more in law offices and boardrooms than on the road from Hopkinton.

continued

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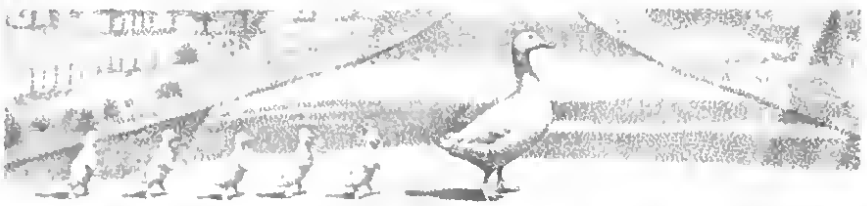
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Mass. But on a recent flawless spring afternoon thousands of marathon fans were treated to an uplifting spectacle and, if only temporarily, forgot the squabbles over money and commercialism while witnessing the purest level of sporting excellence.

PETER GORDON
Derry, N.H.

PRO TENNIS' PLIGHT

Sir:

I have just finished reading your article on the alphabet-soup chaos that is professional tennis (*Overloaded With Circuit Breakers*, May 3). I grew up in the game, was ranked sectionally and nationally, played for UCLA and was on the pro circuit (1972-76). I have never lost interest in the friends and acquaintances I made, and I haven't forgotten the national and international rankings and prize money I earned. But after reading the overwhelmingly damning facts presented in your article about the sleazy goings-on in the sport of late, I was left with a feeling of devastation.

Where is the joy of tennis? What happened to all the champions who gave so much back to the game that nurtured them and gave them educations and allowed them to see so much of the world and paid them so well? Where is that 110% commitment to each match that often made even early-round victories life and death struggles?

I'm not naive. I know that tennis is a big-bucks business now. And I would be the last person in the world to begrudge anyone a substantial profit—even a huge profit—for providing world-caliber entertainment. But tennis cannot survive today's irresponsible "take the money and run" philosophy. Can't the players and agents and federations and promoters see they're killing the goose that laid the golden egg?

As a participant and a fan, I don't want to witness the funeral of professional tennis. But I can already hear death rattles.

LUCINDA CROSBY
Pasadena, Calif.

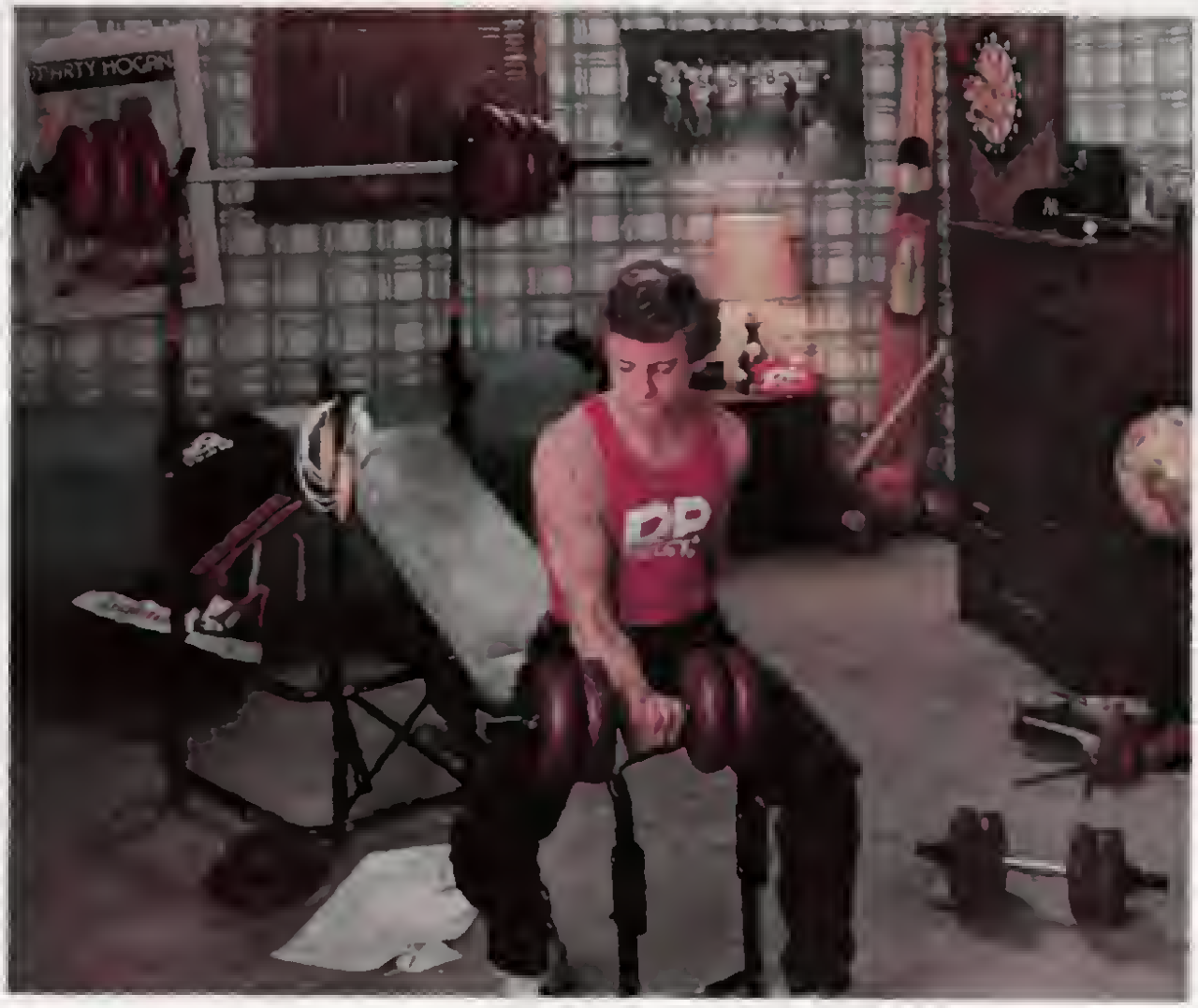
WAVERLY AND WILD ROSE

Sir:

This letter is in reference to your SCORECARD item "Left in the Starting Blocks" (April 19) about the Waverly (Ohio) High basketball team that started a game against Athens High trailing by 7-0 because the wrong uniform numbers for Waverly's starters had been entered in the official scorebook. As a result, five technical fouls were assessed. Athens made all five of the free throws and then scored a field goal on the ensuing inbounds play.

A similar thing happened in the 1971 district round of the Wisconsin high school basketball tournament, when Wild Rose High played Tri-County High of Plainfield. Wild Rose Coach Jim Erdman wrote down 11 of 12 numbers incorrectly. Consequently, Tri-County shot 11 free throws, making seven.

continued



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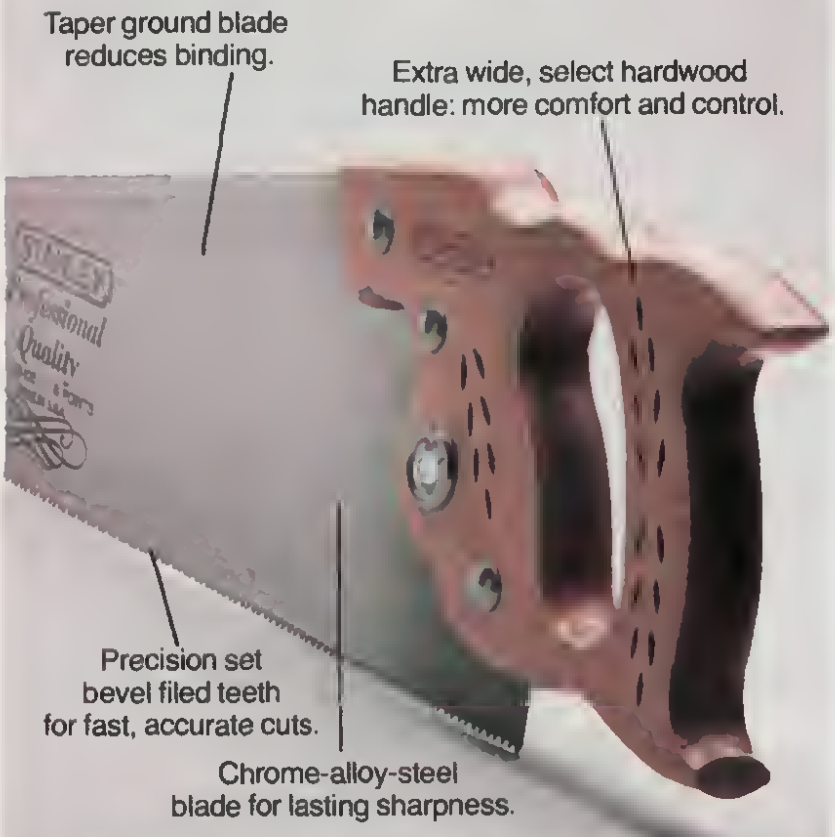
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and then scored upon putting the ball in play. Tri-County thus led 9–0 before Wild Rose even touched the ball. But unlike Waverly, which went on to lose 72–49, Wild Rose came back to win 72–49.

Here in Wild Rose we're still trying to figure out why one number was entered correctly and hoping that we own a world record

WARREN M. JONES
Wild Rose, Wis.

• In his own defense, Erdman, now principal of Wild Rose, says that his team had gotten new uniforms two days before the tournament began and the jersey numbers—with one exception—had all been changed. Erdman also questions the officials' interpretation of the rule in his case. He maintains that technical fouls should have been assessed only against his five misnumbered starters, with additional free throws meted out to the opposition as incorrectly entered substitutes got into the game. Then again, Erdman recalls that he used all 12 players, so the result might well have been the same.—ED.

REVERE'S HORSE (CONT.)

Sir:

It is a fallacy to believe that no one remembers the name of Paul Revere's horse, as suggested in a letter from Landon Manning in your March 29 issue. There was a humorous, yet excellent, article on the subject in the April 1973 issue of *Smithsonian* by Richard W. O'Donnell. He stated that the mare Revere rode was owned by Samuel Larkin and that its name was Brown Beauty. O'Donnell quoted the official genealogy of the Larkin family as follows: "The mare was loaned at the request of Samuel's son, Deacon John Larkin, and never returned to her owner."

I hope this clears up the confusion about the anonymity of this Boston thoroughbred.

WILLIAM D. L. HUNT, M.D.
Quarryville, Pa.

• Unfortunately, it doesn't. Historians at the Paul Revere House in Boston say that while there is a great deal of detailed information on the ride—from Revere and from witnesses whose accounts corroborated Revere's—the name of the horse, which was borrowed from the Larkins, wasn't recorded. The story that it was called Brown Beauty is a "traditional" one, the historians say. However, they add that the name is most often associated with Revere's own horse. Alas, there apparently is no documentation to confirm or refute that version, either. Incidentally, another historian, Esther Forbes, stated in her Pulitzer Prize-winning book, *Paul Revere and the World He Lived In*, that the Larkin horse Revere rode was most likely a Narragansett pacer.—ED.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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